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The Real Challenge of Guiana

MR. LYTTELTON'S White Paper on British Guiana would—were the circumstances out of which it arose less frightening—be regarded as a frivolous contribution to serious political controversy. Some of the allegations contained in it are no doubt true, though it is all strangely undocumented. Writing before Mr. Lyttelton's Parliamentary defence, it is difficult to suppress the feeling that he has set a new precedent for the public service by using a White Paper, not to detail objective fact but to argue his way, pejoratively and with a partisan selection of material, out of a discreditable political embarrassment. In too many instances doubt remains about either the truth or the seriousness of his charges. Most of the White Paper, indeed, may be disposed of by one of two comments. Where there is evidence of conspiracy, or incitement to violence, there could and should have been criminal proceedings, which would have tested the evidence in public. Where the allegations are merely of incompetence or of "evil communications," the proper answer was made by Mr. Creech Jones in this journal last week. It is that at a certain stage of colonial development there is no satisfactory alternative to the risks, very real though they are, involved in giving self-government.

Leaving aside, however, the details of Mr. Lyttelton's advocacy, three important facts emerge unchallenged. The first is that the P.P.P., fighting the election on a platform which was openly anti-British, anti-capitalist and, to a great extent, anti-White, secured a small, but absolute, majority of the votes, on a basis of universal adult suffrage. That is a sorry reflection on the lack of trust which exists in the Colony between the planters and the officials on the one hand and the Guianese people on the other. The second fact is that the Governor did not choose to rely, at need, on his reserved powers. Why not? Was it because a continuing crisis between Governor and elected Ministers *within the Constitution* would have been logically bound to end in an election? And was it recognised by everybody concerned that a further election would almost certainly result in an increased majority for the P.P.P.? The third fact, and the most challenging, is that the actions and policy of the P.P.P. Government, perhaps indeed its very existence, discouraged private investment in the Colony.

It has become abundantly clear in recent years—and this is really the answer to Mr. J. M. Campbell of Booker, McConnell, whose persuasive defence of the commercial interests is published in our Correspondence columns—that subject nations given freedom will normally direct their policies, to a greater or lesser extent, against what they consider to be exploitation by Western capitalists. The lesson of Guiana is not so very different, intrinsically, from the lesson which should have been learned in Indonesia, in Burma and in Persia. The fact that things have so far worked out differently in West Africa is precisely because the plantations in Nigeria and the Gold Coast are in the main owned by Africans. The truth is that nationalist and independent governments coming to power in the Colonies may be expected to follow policies which will either make investment genuinely unrewarding to private enterprise, or, at any rate, offer incentives to foreign investors to withhold their capital for as long as is necessary to bring the "independent" government to heel.

This, more than anything else, seems to be what has happened in Guiana. It raises a profound political question. For self-government means nothing if it does not mean freedom for elected governments to determine their own economic policy. To the Tory, private speculative investment is the mainspring of the economy, and the acquisition of private wealth is the purpose of the social system. Mr. Lyttelton is obliged to condemn any serious challenge to the system of exporting profits from the Colonies because his political creed teaches him that the main purpose of having colonies is to provide a profitable source of investment. But what of Labour? Socialists must surely support the struggle of colonial peoples to liberate themselves from capitalist, as well as imperialist, exploitation. And there are few signs that British Labour has yet worked out an economic policy

towards the Colonies adequate to this Socialist purpose.

In the early post-war years, world capitalism was on the retreat before popular liberation, and its challenge to reasonable progress could be ignored. Now the counter-offensive is launched: big business in Britain and even more in the United States is likely to harry popular and nationalist colonial governments as it harried the Labour Government of 1929. Is Labour, drawing on its own experiences and memories, able and willing to come to the rescue?

The Big Three Meeting

"The results of the London Conference were as good as could be expected," said M. Bidault with cynical resignation. Since expectation had to reckon with the necessity of satisfying both Mr. Dulles and Dr. Adenauer, the French Foreign Minister's comment was not far from the mark, though it did less than justice to the disappointment felt in Paris at the dry and reticent communiqué issued at the end of the meeting. The new Note which the Big Three decided to send to Moscow is ingenious in that, by proposing discussions on Germany at Foreign Minister level without any fixed agenda, so that the Soviet Government can "state its views on any aspect of the German and Austrian questions," it makes it difficult for the Russians to find a convincing reason for declining to participate. But not only does the communiqué make no reference to Sir Winston Churchill's suggestion of informal "highest level" talks; it is significantly silent on the question of the mooted "security guarantees" to be given to the Soviet Union. As our Washington correspondent reports on a later page, this idea found little favour with Mr. Dulles or the State Department. But, apart from that, it is clear that Dr. Adenauer in effect has vetoed discussions of guarantees which would postulate acceptance of a German-Polish frontier. The Western argument, in short, seems to run like this. Germany must be rearmed and brought into a European Army; there is little chance for E.D.C. until a Four-Power meeting has been held and has broken down; therefore such a meeting must be offered without difficult pre-conditions, in the confident hope that the Russians will deadlock it.

More Trouble in Korea

Once again there is trouble at Indian Village. After several hundred Chinese had listened to Communist "explanations"—and only three per cent. of them decided to return home—the North Korean prisoners refused to leave their compounds. The Czechs and Poles wanted the neutral Commission to bring them to the booths, if necessary by force; the Swedes and Swiss have made it clear that they will not tolerate the use of force. On the first day that this happened, the Communists finally agreed to process some more Chinese; they have now refused to continue "explanations" at all unless North Koreans are presented to them. The Indians, whose conduct throughout this miserably difficult affair is now generally accepted as admirable, are still doing all they can to persuade the Korean prisoners to co-operate, but they may not succeed. The question being asked this week is whether the Communists are seeking an excuse for calling off the "explanations" altogether. If they cannot get more than a few score prisoners to change their minds, they may prefer not to press the matter; they can then lay the blame for the continued detention of the prisoners on the U.N. command.

These troubles are not a happy augury for the meeting at Panmunjon which is to discuss the political conference. The Western Note to Moscow insists that this conference is the only place where Five-Power talks can at present take place—a hint to the Russians that they and the Chinese had best stop arguing for the inclusion of neutrals. If nothing has been done to start this conference before October 28, which is the ninetieth day after the signing of the truce, what is to happen? Will Syngman Rhee really try to carry out his continued threats to resume the war? Will some excuse for continuing negotiations be found?

Confusion in Viet Nam

Liberally supplied with American planes and military supplies, the Franco-Vietnamese troops are now engaged in offensive operations aimed at the Viet Minh town of Thanh Hoa. This has long been Ho Chi Minh's administrative centre in central Viet Nam, and its fall would mean a French wedge between his Northern and Southern coastal areas. But his strength lies in guerrilla armies and in the support of the people scattered in a thousand villages in this rich rice-growing delta. Meanwhile, in Saigon, a Vietnamese "national peace congress" organised to demonstrate solidarity for Bao Dai and approval of his tactics in negotiations in Paris has confused the Emperor and alarmed the French Government. By demanding that this "congress" should be transformed into a constitutional assembly to draw up a constitution limiting Bao Dai's powers and controlling his political waywardness, the local political leaders have demonstrated their mistrust of both sides. They went further; the resolution passed can only indicate disbelief in membership of the French Union, however enthusiastically the French Government may suggest that the Vietnamese are "equal partners." It is understandable that the Laniel Government should have sent a Note to the Vietnamese, asking, in effect, if they desire any longer to be defended in a war which is ruining France.

The Fishing War

The colourful and sensationalised activities of Mr. Dawson may do little enough in the long run to benefit the British consumer of fish, but they have served at least one useful purpose: They should have convinced the public—and indeed the conviction seems to be spreading to some sections of the trade—that a boycott imposed by private interests and enforced, against an adventurous attempt to break it, by methods increasingly smacking of monopoly, is an intolerable way of dealing with an international dispute. The exclusion of trawlers from large stretches of Iceland's coastal grounds was a serious blow to British fishermen, whose indignation is increased by the knowledge that line-fishing by in-shore Iceland boats has greatly increased since the ban on trawlers was imposed. "Lining," however, is much less destructive than trawling; and there is little doubt that the Iceland Government was entitled to intervene and check over-fishing in the genuine interests of conservation. Reference to The Hague Court—refused by Iceland so long as the unofficial British boycott lasts—would probably result, on the Norwegian precedent, in a finding that Iceland is entitled to draw the "territorial waters" line between headlands; the Icelandic claim to a four-mile (instead of a three-mile) limit *in addition* is more dubious. The time has surely come for the British Government to take the matter up in friendly negotiations with the Iceland authorities, and to endeavour to reach a settlement on a rational give-and-take basis, instead of leaving the consumer here to the tender mercy of associations of trawler owners and fishermen all intent on winning private wars.

Engineers' Wages

Demonstrations are being held by engineers in a number of places to protest against the rejection of their wages claim; and the feeling in favour of action—possibly a ban on overtime working—seems to be gaining in strength. The employers, as far as it is possible to tell, propose to do nothing for the present; obviously they will delay making any offer for as long as they can, even if they are prepared to make concessions in the last event. The engineers and shipbuilders are no doubt among the better paid workers. In April, average earnings of men over 21 in the two groups combined were 196s. 4d. a week, and in the vehicle trades 204s. 8d. Outside the coal mines, only steel workers and printers show a higher average. These general averages, however, conceal, especially in the engineering group, very wide differences in earnings, not only between skilled and less skilled workers but also from firm to firm. In engineering, the nominal rates of wages have ceased to furnish any real clue to earnings, which depend to an ever-increasing extent on special bonuses and piecework prices, and on the varying opportunities to get such extras. The high profits which engineering firms have been making add impetus to the demand for higher wages; but there are also very real grievances, especially among skilled time-workers and in certain sections which have lagged behind. For example, in agricultural engineering the average earnings for men over 21 this April were only 167s. 10d.

The Means Test Returns

No work was done last Saturday in the South Wales coalfield. In Cardiff there was a demonstration of about 30,000 miners against the Government's action in allowing Section 62 of the National Insurance Act to lapse. The effect of the lapsing of this section, which deals with extended benefit, is that instead of receiving the "additional days" of benefit to which they have been accustomed, those who exhaust their regular insurance rights are compelled to go to the Assistance Board and thus become subject to the Means Test. The sufferers are nearly all partially disabled men who are fit only for light work, which is not available in sufficient quantity. No doubt, the Assistance Board is now a much less inhumane body than it once was, and some of the men affected may even get more from it

than under the insurance scheme. Nevertheless, the transfer is bitterly felt by many partially disabled men, who regard it as a degrading towards the status of "unemployables." In a sense, the Labour Government is to blame for making Section 62 a temporary instead of a permanent part of the Act, so that the Conservatives needed to do no more than fail to renew it when it ran out. The presence of Mr. James Griffiths, who was responsible for the Act, at the Cardiff demonstration, and the speech he made in support of continuing the section, show that the Labour Party is now fully behind the miners' demand. In South Wales, where the number of partially disabled men is particularly large, feeling is strong throughout the coalfield, and there will be trouble unless the Government puts back the discarded section of the Act.

Standing Passengers

The English ascribe their habit of perpendicular drinking to the fact that in most busy pubs there is no room to sit down. Perpendicular travelling, without being so specially English, has the same simple origin; but our tube trains are catching up with the Paris Metro by taking the seats out, and there is once again a proposal (which has more than once precipitated bus strikes) that our buses shall carry eight standing passengers during rush hours instead of five. Recently the Minister of Transport received, through his Parliamentary Secretary, the views of the bus companies and their crews about this proposal, and they were in sharp and uncompromising contrast. So far as the law is concerned, a bus conductor has complete discretion and can refuse to take any standing passengers at all. So far as his employers are concerned, he must at present take five during rush hours or look for another job. Most of the foreign-born reforms urged on London Transport by letters in the press may well be unsuitable to our peculiar needs and conditions, but it is difficult to see why we should not succeed with perforated "tear-off" tickets to last a week or more. They could cost five or ten shillings at a time, and replace the whole process of collecting money and issuing change by the simple one of detaching a coupon.

WASHINGTON

The House of Labour

A Correspondent writes: In nominating James P. Mitchell as Secretary of Labour, to replace the resigning Mr. Durkin of the plumbers' union, the President has abandoned the Republican tradition of appointing union officials to this post. Mr. Mitchell's experience has been as a personnel officer in the big New York department stores; his appointment strengthens the Dewey forces within the Cabinet.

Mr. Mitchell will have to face the new situation that is developing in the American labour movement, which is now closer to unity than it has been at any time since 1936. While William Green was President of the A.F. of L., he always insisted that unity could be secured only by the return of the penitent C.I.O. to the "house of labour." His successor, Mr. Meany, has been more disposed to talk to the C.I.O. on terms of equality, and since February this year joint talks have been held on the structure and jurisdictional problems of the two big federations. In the summer, the negotiating committees drafted a "no-raiding" agreement, already submitted to the A.F. of L. Convention in September, which will come into force if the C.I.O. approves it at the Cleveland Convention next month.

This agreement would remove one important obstacle to unity. Another has been pretty well disposed of by events. In recent years the sharp distinction between the "craft" unions of the A.F. of L. and the "industrial" organisations of the C.I.O. has ceased to exist. What remains of it could almost certainly be dealt with by a jurisdictional agreement.

Meanwhile, on the State and local level, there has been a good deal of common action. The Auto Workers (C.I.O.) and the Machinists (A.F. of L.), which are two of the largest unions, recently agreed to continue a "no-raiding" pact and to conduct joint collective bargaining. The Machinists have a similar understanding with the C.I.O. Rubber Workers, and there are reports that other unions are seeking the same sort of common action. If they make good progress, much wasteful inter-union rivalry could be eliminated, even short of a full merger. The unions could stop competing among themselves for workers already organised and start a new drive to bring in some of the nearly thirty million workers who remain completely outside the union movement. A joint A.F. of L. and C.I.O. drive in the South, for example, might produce much more rewarding results than the abortive "Operation Dixie" staged by the C.I.O. alone after the war.

KENYA

Mr. Blundell Interviewed

Our Correspondent in Nairobi writes: European opinion in Kenya, as reflected in statements made to me by Mr. Michael Blundell in an interview, is on the whole opposed to the peace proposals Mr. Joseph Murumbi recently outlined in THE NEW STATESMAN. Mr. Blundell did not favour releasing African leaders now in prison or in detention camps, even when they were not charged with actual crimes of violence. "No amnesty of this nature can be considered at this stage," he told me. "I believe that, for the peace of mind of many Africans, it will not be possible to release some African leaders in the future, especially those who have taken the third-degree oath and upwards." Nor did he favour the idea of a Round Table Conference to consider essential reforms. The necessary forum of discussion, he thought, already existed in the shape of the Unofficial Members' Organisation, the now defunct common organisation of all the European and non-European Members of the Legislative Council. He observed: "Although we have had (naturally, I think) suspicions and mistrusts in the last 15 months, this is still a body in which we can meet each other. There should be a real effort on the part of all groups to revive the Unofficial Members' Organisation."

Regarding the White Highlands, Mr. Blundell was emphatic that the Europeans "will not accept it as a political issue." They considered it a matter of land tenure. "If the conditions of land tenure are to be altered," he said, "then it must be done everywhere and not only in the Highlands; but no African tribe will accept this proposition."

"Do you," I asked next, "favour giving Africans freedom to create a political organisation on a Colony-wide rather than a tribal basis?" "As an ideal," he replied, "we ought to try and think on non-racial grounds and more in accordance with policies affecting groups of our people rather than . . separate racial entities. But up to date our experience has been that our national African political organisations have tended to be dominated by the Kikuyu and become subversive. At the present moment we think that, during the tensions of the Emergency, the standstill order on African political organisation on a Colony-wide basis by the Government, is wise. On a long-term basis, however, Africans will need a vehicle for the expression of their political thought as much as anyone else. With leadership and guidance, moderates should learn to work together." As to the right of election for Africans, Mr. Blundell thought that "a large element of election" already existed in the present arrangements and that, as the educational programme got under way, it would doubtless be extended.

By contrast, the leader of the Asian Elected Members, Mr. A. B. Patel, is in whole-hearted agreement with Mr. Murumbi's proposal that there should be a release of African leaders who command support of the majority of Africans and are not charged with actual crimes of violence. He also supported the calling of a Round Table Conference. On the Highlands, Mr. Patel said: "I do not think much land in the Highlands remains unalienated today, nor that the transfer of this remainder to Africans will solve their urgent land-needs. Therefore, I suggest an immediate project of irrigation from the Tana River on a big scale with a view to making land in that area available for African settlement. Of course, I would at the same time urge that Highlands now reserved for Europeans only should be thrown open to all, irrespective of race, for ownership and farming, which should be in conformity with modern farming practice."

Speaking purely for himself, Mr. Ibrahim Nathoo, senior Muslim Member of the Legislative Council, approached the amnesty proposal with extreme caution. He "welcomed" the idea of a Round Table Conference provided it awaited "a stabler atmosphere." He found the Highlands question "a very complicated issue" and thought it was best left to the Conference. Should the Africans have a Colony-wide political organisation? He was "reluctant" to say anything just yet. Equal racial representation on the Legislative Council, he thought, was "a desirable goal."

All three spokesmen were broadly agreed about the colour bar. Mr. Blundell himself said it was 'already vanishing" and agreed entirely that it should progressively be eliminated.

All accepted the principle of primary education for African children "subject to the capacity of Kenya to provide finance." Mr. Nathoo strongly favoured increasing scholarships for African education overseas, but Mr. Blundell said that a more immediate need was "a greater extension of efficient university training locally." The European policy was "to move towards first-class university training here, at Makerere, at the Royal Technical College and, possibly, at the Mombasa Muslim Institute." Mr. Blundell had "nothing against" trade unions for Africans. He believed that, "properly organised and administered," they could immensely stabilise relations in industry and would also promote conditions "in which better wages can be matched with higher production." Mr. Patel's support was unreserved; but Mr. Nathoo insisted on "proper supervision by the Government in the initial stages."

NEXT WEEK

Mid-Autumn Books

Israel and the Arabs

THE rebuke administered to the Israeli Government last Saturday, before it could even state its case, was no doubt the natural reaction of harassed politicians who suddenly see one more crisis added to the pile with which they are failing to cope. It was right to summon the Security Council; it has a direct responsibility for Palestine affairs. But there is a tang of hypocrisy about the Anglo-American attitude. Apparently ruthless reprisals against frontier marauders are in order for a Great Power with colonial possessions; but small nations which imitate these practices must be sternly taught to know their place.

Not that it is my intention to defend the Israeli action any more than I would defend Field-Marshal Montgomery's demolition of whole villages during the Arab revolt of 1937, or even Mr. Lyttelton's more recent methods of dealing with Kikuyu. I have always thought that those Israeli—for the most part young but very senior army officers—who ape our White settlers and treat Arabs as "lesser breeds without the law," are a menace to their country. Nevertheless, it is relevant to point out that any Great Power which had to protect the villages behind the Israeli frontier from nightly pillage would feel constrained to tolerate the kind of ruthlessness employed by the settlers who attacked Quilya. Equally, any Great Power in the position of Jordan would be doing just as little to prevent its "patriots" from indulging in the forays which provoked the Jewish reprisal. The fact is that the Israel-Jordan demarcation line never could have provided a tolerable frontier; and until it is redrawn under a peace treaty, a state of near war is inevitable all along its two hundred miles.

Apart from the personnel of the Mixed Armistice Commission, very few of us have been able to see for ourselves *from both sides* just how utterly intolerable this frontier is. In 1950 I had the chance and, after describing it in these columns, I predicted that this ghastly wound would fester and not heal if nature were left to take its course. A few months ago Miss Elizabeth Monroe was also there, and in a brilliant lecture published by Chatham House in the current issue of *International Affairs* she shows that nothing had changed since 1950—except for the worse. Mr. Eden has been warned often enough that, by leaving Arab-Jewish relations to the United Nations and its relief organisations, he could only produce a progressive worsening in relations between Israel and her neighbours, in particular Jordan. What happened last week was a flicker of the smouldering war which is bound to flame up one day unless the appalling conditions which are its cause are firmly tackled.

Let me rehearse once again the well-known, dreary facts which successive British Foreign Secretaries have refused to face for nearly five years. Of the population of Jordan, some 470,000 are officially classified as Palestine refugees and in receipt of Unwra's starvation ration; of these, exactly 2,369 have been resettled, whereas their rate of natural increase is 25,000 a year. But let us concentrate only on the Arabs who now live in the bare Judean hills west of the Jordan, and who were first incorporated in King Abdullah's State in 1949. They number 485,000, some 300,000 of them refugees. Here destitution is so terrible that the refugee is regarded as a privileged person. Miss Monroe reckons that one-third of the settled pre-war population is completely destitute. Most of them previously worked for the mandatory government, the British army, or the railways; 67,000 are peasants in frontier villages. They lost everything when the demarcation line cut their homes off from their lands but, since they have homes, are not eligible for ration cards. It is these 67,000, living in towns like Qualquylya and Quilya, who form the vanguard of the Arab marauders. Every night, scores of them cross into Israel, either to smuggle coffee or rice or to steal what they can from the lands they once owned. The Jordan Government has done very little to hinder them. Indeed the Arab Legion last week had only one battalion West of the Jordan, and the so-called National Guard, which has been organised and armed in each village, regards offence and not defence as its proper activity.

On the other side lie the new Jewish settlements. A few are strategic Kibbutzim established at key points for frontier defence and heavily armed; the majority are co-operative settlements or villages of new and inexperienced smallholders. The Israeli Government has had the greatest difficulty in persuading more than a tiny proportion of its new immigrants to opt for the land. Coming from the towns of Central Europe and the Balkans or the oriental ghettos, they have little aptitude for agriculture and even less desire for the Wild West conditions of the Frontier, where all farm implements, including even water pipes, and all livestock must be brought under cover every night, and where a mother grows anxious when a child does not come back from play. It is in order to prevent them from leaving their lands—and to maintain the morale of the citizens of Jewish Jerusalem who are also subjected to frequent alarms—that the tough militia of the Kibbutzim are taking these ruthless reprisals. The statistics of the Mixed Armistice Commission show that of 184 frontier incidents in the last 12 months, 25 were due to Jewish aggression and 159 to Arab. But there is a difference. The Arabs come in ones and twos: the reprisals are made in force. This probably explains the official Jewish figures quoted by Miss Monroe. These show that during this Spring 12 Jews were killed whereas the Arab casualties were about 200, a proportion not dissimilar from that in Kenya.

So much for the situation on the spot. General Benneke, the recently appointed chairman of the Mixed Armistice Commission, has been rushed to New York and will, no doubt, describe it in greater detail. The Security Council should not waste time on allotting the blame between Glubb Pasha and the Israeli army for failing to pacify the frontier. What is needed is, not better policing of the armistice line by the Arab Legion and the Israeli, but an end of the present state of undeclared war. And that can only come through a peace treaty.

Here we reach the nub of the problem. All the Arab States oppose any negotiation which either admits Israel's right to exist or abrogates the refugees' right to return to their lands. Hence the total failure of Unwra to resettle these unfortunates. For five years the Arab politicians have succeeded in keeping them just alive as refugees—part of their policy of wearing Israel down. It is useless merely to blame the Arab States for this policy. The real responsibility rests on the Great Powers who, against all the facts, have gone on blindly hoping that the armistice could become a permanent peace settlement.

But where can the deadlock be broken? Certainly not in the United Nations, which every Arab regards as the source of his troubles. Even if the diplomats in New York could agree on peace terms, there is no way of imposing them, as the fate of the United Nations plan for internationalising Jerusalem clearly shows. If we go on waiting for the United Nations to do something we shall wait until open war breaks out. What has been required ever since 1949 is a recognition by Britain and America that they have direct responsibility for creating the conditions for an Arab-Jewish peace. If we claim the right to keep a Nato base at Suez and to exploit the oil resources of the Middle East, we must be prepared to grapple with the Palestine tragedy which, anyway, was created by British sins of commission and American sins of omission.

Of course, the reply is easy. With the Arabs and Jews in their present mood there is nothing we can do. Certainly—now that Weizmann and Abdullah are both dead—there is no chance of a separate peace between Israel and Jordan. The frontier between them will remain a festering wound until we develop a constructive policy for pacifying the whole Middle East.

The approach to this policy could be made from more than one direction. The first and most hopeful relates to Egypt. It would still be possible to include in any Anglo-Egyptian agreement the transfer of the Gaza strip (which Cairo would be glad to get rid of) to Anglo-American control and its development as a secondary base. The 120,000 refugees now rotting on this strip could be usefully employed by the Army, and the presence of even a token Anglo-American force would remove any risk of Egyptian aggression against Israel.

In the second place, an attempt must be made to tackle the problem of compensation to the Palestine Arabs for their lost lands. Israel has accepted the obligation in principle, but a glance at her Budget will show that the burden will actually fall on the Americans and ourselves. Why not face this at once and start negotiations, as Miss Monroe suggests, on the basis that the Western Powers will finance the whole project on the conditions that the Arab countries (1) lift the economic boycott of Israel, whose most disastrous effects are felt in Jordan, and (2) co-operate in devising means to ensure that any compensation is used for effective and permanent rehabilitation?

Once compensation is paid, resettlement of the homeless refugees becomes a practical possibility. What is needed is dramatic Anglo-American action for developing the vast, uncultivated tracts in Syria, Iraq and elsewhere, and encouraging light industry. But where is the capital to be found? Surely one answer is oil. The vast revenues of King Ibn Saud and the sheikhs of the Persian Gulf are now pouring

into the desert sand. Why should not the British and American political advisers—who effectively control the foreign policies of these primitive communities—ensure that these revenues are invested at good rates of interest in such schemes of land reclamation and industrialisation throughout the Middle East? Are we to be solemnly told that Britain is unable to persuade the Sheikh of Kuwait to invest what is left over, after supplying the needs of his tiny population, in projects of benefit to the whole Arab world? Western control of oil has in the past made us detestable in Arab eyes, because that oil has been of virtually no benefit to the common man. Used imaginatively, it could convince the Arabs that we are genuinely concerned for their development.

It has only been possible in this article to indicate new lines of approach to this problem. If they were attempted, I believe that within a few years it might be possible to achieve a peace treaty, including rectifications of the Israeli-Jordan frontier. But so long as Britain and America shift the responsibility on to the United Nations, and content themselves with rebuking from time to time one or other of the two sides for misbehaviour, the whole Middle East will continue to march toward chaos.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

The Rewards of Restraint

THE stockholders who voted Tory in 1951 hoped, in a double sense, for dividends. They may have suffered a mild disappointment when Mr. Butler, speaking in the language of Sir Stafford Cripps, asked "for the continuance of the policy of voluntary restraint on dividends." They were quick, however, to note that the accent was different. Company executives could agree, in the words of the *Director*, that:

> One of the gratifying features of the new Government is the large extent to which Directors are represented on it. In fact, most of the key positions are occupied by former Directors . . . Evidently Mr. Churchill fully appreciates the need for introducing into Whitehall the knowledge and understanding of business which was almost completely absent under the last Government.

The men who had financed the victory of the Conservative Party had no serious misgivings. For them, it meant a relaxation of counter-capitalist pressures. This was made very clear when last January, questioned in the House of Commons on Government policy towards the increase in bank dividends, Mr. Butler replied: "I am not going to put myself in the position of criticising or attempting to control the activities of the National Provincial Bank."

Higher dividends were already being paid when Mr. Butler spoke. Sharp increases in 1951 had already led the Labour Government to prepare legislation. Under the Tories, dividends in 1952 were higher even than in 1951; and in the first nine months of this year the upward trend has been considerably accelerated. Thus, within three years, dividend payments have increased by nearly 24 per cent.—in the face of an official policy of "voluntary restraint." Moreover, a significant feature of this trend has been the fall in profits available for dividends. This year, aggregate earnings are actually 18 per cent. lower than in 1952, whereas dividends disbursed have risen by 9 per cent. It is quite clear that the pay-off is now taking place for past years of abstinence.

It is by no means certain that the Government was prepared for such a spectacular reversal of dividend policy. Presumably, Company Directors upon whose caution the Government relied, have been unable to restrain their shareholders. Apart from this, advocates of voluntary dividend limitation overlook one fact of key importance: it inevitably leads to large accretions of undistributed profits, which the market value of Company shares only imperfectly reflects. In other words, the real value of shares is considerably higher than their market price. This makes the public Company with large reserves an attractive proposition for the would-be buyer. He can offer the shareholders a price far above existing Stock Exchange quotations and he can still acquire the Company on the cheap.

The purchase of Sears' chain of shoe shops and Binns' department store earlier this year illustrates these points. The 5s. shares of the former Company stood at 13s. 3d. Mr. Clore, a financier, offered to buy at 43s. a share. The net tangible assets of the Company were worth £7,491,000. Mr. Clore paid £4,400,000. And the story of Binns is roughly the same. Mr. Frazer, the Scottish draper, who acquired the Company, offered £19 1s. 8d. for each of the £1 ordinary shares, then priced at 106s. Net assets of £3,523,000 were bought for £2,900,000. In both cases the established Directors vainly opposed the deals. The Sears Board shoved up the dividend from 22½ per cent. to 62½ per cent. The Binns Board went even further, and paid 182 per cent. against the previous 20 per cent.

The effect of these and similar bids—there was a spate at the beginning of this year—on Company dividend policy, though difficult to measure, has certainly been profound. In the Footwear, Clothing and Stores groups, where bidding activity has been most intense, dividend payments have increased this year by 17 per cent.—while earnings available for dividends have fallen by 13 per cent. Here, the "shareholders revolt" has been most effective; but there can be no doubt that the impact has been felt throughout the whole of industry. The Board Room dilemma was neatly put by the City Editor of the *Director*: "Directors are subject to conflicting loyalties if obliged to choose between maintaining the Company's assets by being moderate in dividend policy and maintaining their jobs by being spectacular in dividend policy."

These developments raise a number of important questions. The theorists of the public Company have been right to point out that a division of interest exists in the larger firms between the professional salaried Directors and the shareholders. To the former, dividend limitation is not wholly evil: it swells company reserves and thus adds to the economic power of the Board Room; to the latter, not surprisingly, it is anathema. But the assumption that the balance of power in the public Company has moved decisively against the shareholder needs revision. There are a number of devices open to shareholders, apart from the intervention of a Mr. Clore, to enable them to influence Board Room policy.

So long as shareholders can exert this pressure, dividend restraint can be made to work only when political counter-pressures are stronger, *i.e.*, when a Labour Government, with a working majority, is in power. Since these conditions cannot be guaranteed, "voluntary restraint" is no more than an expedient for an anti-inflation policy. Nor is statutory limitation likely to prove any more successful. Conservatives have already shown that nationalised industry can be denationalised. Compared to this, it would be child's play to repeal an Act limiting dividends. Moreover, should a future Labour Government think of reviving the twin policy of restraint both in the dividends and wages—and this might seem essential if Britain's industrial programme is to be adequate—it will have to reckon with the fact that recent events have shown that wages restraint is a renunciation of reward, and dividend restraint only a postponement.

PETER SHORE

London Diary

I NOTICE that a Foreign Office spokesman states that the Anglo-American declaration about Trieste was made in complete harmony by Washington and London. I have my reasons, however, for believing that it was the State Department's emissary who allowed the Italians to believe that they could walk into Zones A and B with Anglo-American protection; the British, I think, only intended Zone A, but lacked the courage to warn the Italians "so far, no farther." For Tito, it must be said that he has made various constructive proposals, that he has been prepared for the whole area to remain under the United Nations, and that Signor Pella's threat that he would be turned out of office if the Western Powers went back on their word confirms the view that the Anglo-American declaration was a bribe to get Italy into E.D.C. without delay. By suggesting that his own departure would mean the arrival of a pro-Communist Government in Italy, Signor Pella is learning the lesson of several other allies (including Dr. Adenauer and Syngman Rhee) who get what they want by threatening Washington with worse to come. In point of fact, there is no particular reason to think that Nenni would follow Pella if the allies did withdraw their promise. No real alternative is now left but to stall, confer, and try once again to make the area an international zone, which would have some economic future: it would be an outlet for Central Europe rather than for Italy or Yugoslavia.

* * *

The comparison between the public policy (not the private life) of Tito and Henry VIII first appeared in this column; it is sustained by events, and if it had been more fully understood, I venture to think that Anglo-American policy over Trieste would have been different. For Tito is not only like Henry VIII in quarrelling with the Kremlin (or Soviet Vatican) and building up his own Reformation State; he is also, like Henry, immensely popular with the common people of his realm, just because he is their champion against ideological and national rivals. More important still, again following the Tudor pattern, he has bound together the different peoples of his country, and stands as the embodiment of a new national unity. Yugoslav unity is very new; for Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, Bosnians, and Macedonians to be willingly under a single government is as remarkable as it would have been for Irish, Scots, Welsh and English to acknowledge one ruler in the 16th century. In brief, Tito is a great national leader who could jettison—and perhaps has jettisoned—much of his Socialism in deference to the pressure of events, but who can never for a moment afford to ignore the interests and prejudices of any of the different peoples who make up Yugoslavia. Was there really no one in the Foreign Office who knew how the Slovenes feel about the Italians, and what the Italian-trained Fascists did in Slovenia during the war? Did anyone in the State Department really believe that Yugoslav feelings

about the Trieste hinterland would be modified by a large sum of dollar aid from Washington?

* * *

Mr. Aneurin Bevan has been nominated in the normal way as a candidate for the Deputy Leadership of the Party, against Mr. Morrison, the present holder. Some newspapers have been saying with surprise that Mr. Bevan may "after all" allow his name to go forward. Why a surprise? For no other reason than that correspondents, who appear not to have taken the trouble to ask either Mr. Bevan or any of his friends, have circulated the rumour that he would stand down. I cannot discover that there was ever the least chance of his withdrawing. He could not afford to do so. If the Deputy Leadership is not contested, then the Deputy Leader is almost automatically accepted as the future Leader. Obviously anyone in the running to succeed Mr. Attlee has to make a start in the preliminary heats.

* * *

No party ever more flatly—or more sensibly—went back on a promise than the Conservatives did on the matter of the University seats. Sir Winston has now announced that no legislation will be introduced to restore them. Why? Because Tory headquarters inform him that, to try to regain for the Tories a dozen privileged seats based on plural voting, would lose him a larger number of seats in the country. In short, the democratic idea wins. Conservatives just dare not go to their constituencies up and down the country, and say that people who have been able to afford a University education should be rewarded by an extra vote.

* * *

Mr. Cohn and Mr. Schine came to Europe looking for those inveterate enemies of the American Taxpayer—subversives and wasters of Government money. Many Europeans thought both caps neatly fitted Mr. Schine and Mr. Cohn. Now, we learn, each of them spent £26 8s 7d a day during the trip, although they had free transport from the Armed Forces. This by any standards is a decent expense account. Mr. Cohn, however, adds that he and Mr. Schine spent at least as much out of their own pockets as they drew from the U.S. Treasury. Their total daily expenditure must thus have been more than one hundred pounds, which was probably just enough to keep their heads above the slime. I hear that the American news commentator Eric Sevareid has suggested that Mr. Cohn and Mr. Schine might improve their expense account technique by imitating the journalist who failed to make his itemised expense sheet tally with what he had actually spent. As the midnight oil burnt low over his black coffee cup he conceded defeat and wrote: "Robbed on boat: $1,000."

* * *

Last June when the Rosenberg agitation was at its peak I agreed with those who sought a reprieve, though I was doubtful whether "Left" agitation abroad would be helpful. On every ground it seemed to me shocking that in America, where no American has ever been executed for espionage, two non-scientific people should be killed on a charge of giving away technical secrets which, as Einstein and Dr. Urey said, needed the most detailed and extensive documentation. But there was another side to the affair. Were the Rosenbergs guilty? If they were Communists, as I understood them to be, it seemed probable. Did not their own ethical code compel them to do all in their power to help the Soviet Union? None of the innumerable documents that came to me—sometimes more than one a day for weeks on end—even began to convince me that they had been wrongly convicted. I have now been reading a report on the whole case prepared by M. André Haas, a distinguished French lawyer. He points out that all the appeals were on questions of law; in the whole long legal process the actual evidence was only considered once—by the original jury. He finds grave reasons for doubting the testimony of Greenglass, the brother of Ethel Rosenberg; notes that he was coached by the F.B.I. over a period of months; and had strong motives for implicating others. He did, in fact, only receive a lesser sentence as a minor figure in the alleged conspiracy. Haas does not assert that the Rosenbergs were innocent, but remains unconvinced that the trial was fair or satisfactory. Certainly the jury is likely to have been prejudiced by the political atmosphere. After studying this report, I turned to *The Rosenberg Letters* (Dobson, 7*s.* 6*d.*). When I had read them I understood better the passion about the Rosenbergs that swept France last summer. The letters are extremely moving. In any case, whether guilty or innocent, the Rosenbergs bore their ordeal heroically and are assured, if only by the folly of their execution, of a place in the roll of martyrdom.

* * *

There are still some ways in which, because neither Parliament nor the Judges have been able to think of everything, a man can be wicked without being criminal; but my lawyer friends have always assured me that, in the hands of any good Common Law Judge, the doctrine of "public mischief" could be shown to embrace nearly all of them. This view has been stronger than ever since 1936, when Mrs. Elizabeth Manley sought to account for a shortage in loan club funds by complaining that she had been robbed. Her tale was false, and, because of the trouble it gave the police and the suspicion it cast on a number of innocent citizens who fitted her made-up description of the robber, her conviction for "causing a public mischief" was upheld by the Court of Criminal Appeal. Last Monday that Court made the Manley decision look dubious, although powerless to upset it. It had to decide whether the public mischief doctrine applied to the defendants in the famous "pottery case," who had found a way of dodging the "export only" restriction on decorated china without transgressing the Domestic Pottery Order, 1947. The decision was that it did, but only because there were several defendants—"public mischief" can only be effected by conspirators. "It may be," said the Lord Chief Justice, "that Manley's case will some day be considered by the House of Lords." This seems a pretty clear indication to the police that the next time they prefer a "public mischief" charge against a solo defendant they must be prepared to fight a long battle and lose it.

* * *

I gazed at the glittering new cars like the pauper boy staring in at the Christmas Tree. Who, today, can aspire to these symbols of prestige, power and elegance? In the whole Show there are perhaps a dozen cars which the professional man can afford at a pinch; only five models that he could buy without some sacrifice. The rest are for the rich, and for those who run a car belonging to their business or their employers. I put this point to one salesman. Yes, he said, at least half the cars he sold went to firms which bought new models for executives and travellers every year or two. The others went to people who had been waiting and saving since the end of the war. That market, however, had nearly been satisfied. He thought things would be more difficult now unless the restrictions on instalment buying were relaxed. Less than one-tenth of the new cars sold this year have been bought on hire-purchase, and most of these have been the cheapest models—which compete with second-hand prices. This explains, of course, the fierce competition that has started for the small car market, in which Ford's are off to a flying start. As in Russia, the use, rather than ownership, of a fine flashy car is becoming a badge of rank.

* * *

Why, I asked, did they call the beautifully produced memorial book to Ian Mackay *The Great Bohunkus*? Trevor Evans, seeking a title, suddenly remembered that Mackay chose so to describe himself. "Bohunks," short for Bohemians, was the Chicago slang for Czech immigrants. A "Bohunkus," presumably, meant anyone who enjoyed *la vie de boheme*. At the party given to celebrate the publication of this book, we were shown Ian's personal pewter tankard. It was inscribed, at his own request, "Ian Mackay, the Great Bohunkus." The book (just published by W. H. Allen) contains contributions from 25 prominent journalists, 10 cartoonists, and has a Foreword from Lord Beaverbrook, who, I am delighted to see, particularly praises Mackay for his complete lack of animosity and acrimony in his journalism.

CRITIC

LEST WE FORGET

[They knew the value of that for which they fought, and that the price was worth paying—*The Queen, at the Cloister Memorial.*]

To these unburied dead give tribute due,
Let their memorial be magnificent;
Though all too soon their light and life were spent,
Destined to die, for what they died they knew.
These into everlasting darkness flew,
But laying down their lives were well content,
Streaming like stars across the firmament,
To dive in flame down hissing gulfs of blue.

These, called to make the supreme sacrifice,
Thought they knew why; but had they lived to learn
For what indeed they so untimely died,
Would they have deemed it worthy of the price?
They died that Hitler's Generals might return,
And Krupp and Thyssen fatten side by side.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

A school edition of Hamlet, in use in the Midlands of England, changes Shakespeare's "Enter a bloody sergeant" to "Enter a bleeding captain."—*Scottish Community Drama Association Bulletin.* (A. I. Macdonald.)

Can you advise me about the payment rates for the tough American type of gangster novel? As I am a comparative newcomer to the pornographic type of writing I realise I cannot expect full rates. I do not want to jeopardise a possible market by asking too much, nor do I desire to undercut.—Letter in the *Writer.* (J. W. Stevenson.)

The other morning you reported that a small quantity of washing powder put in a duck-pond would make all the ducks sink to the bottom.

My neighbour's little boy put a whole packet in, but the ducks still went on swimming. It makes you wonder if you can believe everything you read in the newspapers.—*Birmingham Gazette.* (Gerald C. Jervis.)

A hush-hush hunt is on for the men who stole the Queen's personal mail. . . . The search is so secret that plain-clothes men taking part are not told what to look for.—*Daily Herald.* (C. P. Jones.)

U.S. Aims in Europe

(By a Special Correspondent in Washington)

SENATOR WILLIAM KNOWLAND of California is a figure of importance in the politics of Washington. He has inherited the principal office, though not all the authority and prestige, of the late Robert Taft. Besides being G.O.P. leader on the Senate floor, he is an influential member of the Senate's foreign relations committee. What counts most, however, is Knowland's role as one of the two Republicans (Vice-President Nixon being the other) on whom the Eisenhower Administration relies most strongly to keep the Senate in line. Given the importance Mr. Eisenhower attaches to smooth relations between Executive and Legislature, the Administration is bound to heed Knowland's opinions.

Back from a six weeks' spin around the planet, the Senator invited reporters to his office on October 5. His square jaw seemed even a little more set than usual. He insisted that a non-aggression agreement with the Soviets could be considered only after Moscow allows free elections in East Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania. He held that the sort of pact variously suggested by Sir Winston Churchill, Konrad Adenauer and Adlai Stevenson could become possible, if ever, only after the U.S.S.R. has disgorged the three Baltic States and renounced its influence in the six satellite countries. "The only boundary we could guarantee," Knowland told the newsmen, "is the Soviet pre-war frontier."

It appeared on the surface that Knowland's opposition to a non-aggression treaty with Russia would bring him into collision with Secretary of State Dulles. Speaking at the U.N. Assembly on September 17, Dulles had declared that the Russians were "entitled to assurance against a repetition" of German aggression. But there is really no Dulles-Knowland conflict on this issue. The day after Knowland spoke, Dulles heavily discounted his own statement at the U.N. He told his news conference that talk of a non-aggression pact with the U.S.S.R. was "a little bit vague and somewhat meaningless." In fact, both the President and Dulles regard such a pact as wholly unrealistic at present. It would have to be preceded by three crucial events—entry into operation of the six-nation European army, including the new German military forces; Germany's unification; and, above all, the "rollback" of Soviet power to its 1939 frontier.

Part of the press at home and abroad misconstrued Dulles's softer language in his U.N. speech as signalling a maior switch in U.S. foreign policy. As astute a commentator as Joseph Harsch was naive enough to suggest that America was abandoning the Cold War in favour of negotiating with the Kremlin. Listeners and readers were so agreeably moved by some of the unaccustomed tremolo stops in Dulles's recital that they failed to catch the significance of the Secretary's basic terms for a settlement, as enunciated in the same speech. Stripped of verbiage, those terms were:

(1) *Korea.* Russia and China must forgo their control of North Korea, and resign themselves to a unified Korea under American protection.

(2) *Indo-China.* Russia and China must halt further aid to the Vietminh, while the U.S. and France would remain guardians of an "independent" Indo-China.

(3) *Germany.* A peace treaty must *follow* free elections which would restore a unified Germany allied to the West.

(4) *Austria.* There must be swift conclusion of a treaty, resulting in withdrawal of Western and Russian armies from Austria, and evacuation of Soviet forces from Hungary and Rumania.

(5) *Satellites.* While denying that America is exporting counter-revolution, Dulles again dedicated the U.S. to "national independence" for Russia's neighbours.

In short, the fundamental aims of American policy in Europe are fixed. They are Russia's retreat behind the Curzon Line; establishment of E.D.C., to make German rearmament palatable; reunification of a Germany tied to the Western military system.

By playing up the talk of a non-aggression pact with Moscow, the American press and radio have unconsciously misled people. The State Department is giving precious little thought to such a pact; and Dulles was truthfully reflecting the Department's attitude when he dismissed the idea as "meaningless." There is another concept, however, that is receiving more serious study in Washington. That is the idea of a neutral, demilitarised zone in Eastern Europe. Among several suggestions, two are getting special notice from U.S. policy-makers, and belong to what Dulles recently called "the possible combinations and permutations we are considering."

One reached Washington "unofficially" from Bonn. This German programme contemplates the creation of a demilitarised buffer between the Elbe and the Vistula. Russia would withdraw her troops from the Soviet Zone of Germany, and that Zone, *plus* Western Poland, would then form the neutralised region. The Government of a unified Germany would administer the German section; the Polish Government would continue to administer the segment East of the Oder-Neisse Line. The present German-Polish frontier, as the Americans see it, would retain its "provisional" character. The Germans hope that the arrangement would be a first step toward recovering lost territory. There would be, *ad interim*, reciprocal inspection to assure observance of the rules on the Polish and German sides of the buffer area.

The other scheme being examined in Washington emanates from the Belgian Foreign Minister, Paul van Zeeland, who conveyed it personally to President Eisenhower, whom he visited at the White House at the end of last month. The van Zeeland plan—postulating, like its less ambitious German predecessor, a unified Germany—includes these proposals:

The 25 Soviet divisions in East Germany would be withdrawn into the U.S.S.R.

All or most of East Germany would be demilitarised after the Russian evacuation.

British and American troops now stationed East of the Rhine would retire to the West of that river.

The projected European army would take over the defence of Western Germany from the Rhine to the demilitarised Zone in the East.

State Department officials privately say these and similar projects are intended not to satisfy the Russians but to persuade the British, French and other Europeans that something is being prepared which a well-intentioned Soviet Union could accept. If a Four Power conference, including the U.S.S.R., should be held after all, the West might present some such offer. On the other hand, Adenauer wants to avoid tossing on the conference table any scheme that would make it easy for the Russians to side-track discussion of free, all-German elections. Moreover, certain points in the East European buffer zone plan have drawn American official criticism. For instance, Russia could be malicious enough to reply that, if the Soviet forces were recalled from East Germany to the U.S.S.R., then British and American troops should be sent home too. That would not suit Washington at all. It all remains very troublesome. And Senator Knowland has made things a shade worse by indicating that Russia's unconditional surrender remains essential to a settlement.

Funds for the Farms

ANYONE connected with farming will sooner or later, probably sooner *and* later, meet some version of the question: "My son, who leaves school in a year, wishes to lead an open-air life in the country. How should he set about it?" To this there are various possible answers. The farm-gate is not the only entrance to the economic countryside, and the young man may well find a suitable future in one of the rural professions, as a forester, say, as a land-agent or as a vet. But if he wishes to farm, and to be certain of occupying a farm of his own, then capital, a whole lot of capital, is required; for farming today is an expensive business. Technically that is a sign of basic health. High costs reflect a high standard of equipment and therefore a high standard of potential production.

The farmer is not a magician who produces food out of a hat. He is a rural industrialist whose output depends on his input of energy, raw materials and skill, all of which cost money, some of it long-term, some of it short-term. In more detail, he needs two distinct types of investment to make his bare land into a productive farm. First, he needs fixed and permanent equipment, field drainage, hedges, roads, buildings, water supplies and the like. These create the structural framework of the farm, the "factory buildings" in which the farmer installs the second form of agricultural capital, the removable and less enduring cattle and implements, seeds and fertilisers, which constitute his "plant." And both make heavy demands on the investor. The "statistically average" farm in this country is about 80 acres in extent and today it is difficult to buy good farmland at under, say, £60 an acre and still more difficult to stock it for half that sum. To buy and stock a farm for £50 an acre implies under present conditions either inordinately good luck or an inordinately bad farm.

A lot of money, therefore, has been sunk in the farm. And a good deal more will be required if production is to be substantially increased. Much, of course, can be done by the better use of existing resources; but beyond this point higher output means higher input—more drainage and more fertilisers, for instance, to increase crop-yields; more mechanical power to release men for jobs which only human hands can tackle; better buildings to save waste of labour, animal-quality and manure; and, in general, a higher rate of investment per acre to secure a more intensive system of farming.

In principle, there are two possible sources of farm-funds. The first is the farm, the second somewhere else. Much of new capital required for farming expansion in the last fifteen years has come from farm-profits returned to the land either directly by the farmer or indirectly by the landowner to whom the farmer pays his rent. But this source has its limits. The farmer entered the war with few reserves—in 1938 the average net annual profit per farm was well under £200 and one-fifth of the farmers in England and Wales received no cash profit at all from their farms.

Most of the farmer's recent profits, therefore, have gone on making good arrears of maintenance and raising production to its present level. Moreover, money is not so plentiful as it was a few years ago. One authority concluded from the 1951 figures that "it is quite impossible for the normal farmer to find new capital out of income" and the last two years have done little to change this verdict. Proverbially, the farmer can raise capital by "parsimony, patrimony and matrimony." But the last two seldom increase the capital of the agricultural industry, since most farmers are the sons of farmers and they tend to marry the daughters of other farmers, and the first is manifestly inadequate for the needs of the present time.

It is more than doubtful, therefore, if the farming industry can finance its future expansion from it present earnings. As a matter of fact, however, it has seldom been required to do so. Much of the capital invested in farming by the great landowning dynasties, for instance, has come from their urban, not from their rural, properties. More generally, the migration of town-bred wealth to the countryside is an old theme in English history. Sometimes this new wealth has reached the farm via the manor-house. Sometimes its impact has been more directly agricultural; Exmoor was reclaimed in early Victorian times by Knight the iron-magnate, the valuable lucerne-grass was popularised a generation later by Mason the manufacturer, and in the years between the wars the pig industry owed much to Edge and Chester who both entered farming from the world of Big Business. And since 1939, when economics, general insecurity and the incidence of taxation have combined to place agricultural property in a peculiarly attractive light, the old tradition has reached new heights and shows no sign of decline. The businessman turned landowner or farmer is a familiar contemporary figure.

The effect of this private investment, however, is necessarily limited to particular estates or farms. More pervading is the influence of public investment by the State which since the outbreak of war has spent, or caused to be spent, very substantial sums on agricultural development. Much has been done by grants for specific types of work and subsidies on specific goods and services. In 1951, for instance, directly agricultural payments of this type totalled some twenty million pounds, on an average say £75 per farm in England and Wales, most of which went on livestock improvement, land drainage, water supplies and the rehabilitation of our neglected uplands. Less obvious, though probably in the aggregate far more important, are the various income-tax concessions and rebates which encourage the flow of capital to the land at concealed but considerable public cost.

So far, however, we have been concerned with cash rather than credit. Where can the landlord or farmer go for a loan? Half of the answer to this question is purely negative. For various reasons, notably the small size of the normal farming unit, he cannot follow the example of his manufacturing cousin and borrow off the general public by floating a company. Stock-market "Industrials" have no agricultural equivalent. There are, it is true, two statutory companies which lend money to agriculturalists on favourable terms and various other bodies prepared to lend money on mortgage; but these generally require forms of security which can only be given by the owners of land and cannot therefore serve tenant-occupiers except by unusual arrangement. In practice, it seems from an authoritative investigation of 1951, "the most widely used and the most important" source of general farm credit is the bank, which generally provides it via the good old overdraft. The amount on loan from the banks to agriculture has risen steadily from some £66 million in 1946 to £198 million in 1953 and the recent outcry at the feared restriction of bank credit bore interesting witness to the contemporary importance of this factor to the rural economy.

Banks, however, expect security for their loans and much of the farmer's real wealth is in a form insufficiently durable to provide that security. Hence the familiar but inevitably undocumented system of "merchant credit" whereby in effect the purveyor of certain of the farmer's raw materials, such as fertilisers and cattle-cake, or the middleman who deals in inter-farm sales of livestock finances part of his customer's operations by delaying his demand for payment, for which of course he charges interest. Indeed, a recent development of this principle, the hire-purchase of such expensive and enduring items of equipment as machinery, tractors and even Dutch barns, has created a new form of medium or long-term agricultural loan. The system can prove expensive to the farmer, who does not always realise what it is costing him, but its convenience and flexibility secure its future.

In a sense, of course, any analysis of this type is necessarily somewhat academic. It answers neither the questions of the individual, to whom the essential point is not where the agriculturalist-in-general can go for money, but how much and on what terms one particular agriculturalist is offered when he gets there, nor those of the community, which is concerned with the larger issues of the profitability of agricultural investment and the farm's claim on our limited capital resources. But it does set the stage for the problem. First, the farm needs two distinct kinds of investment, one long-term, the other medium or short-term. Secondly, as the need for the home-production of food increases, so does the intensity of the farming system and with it the need of the farmer for more, better and therefore costlier, equipment. Thirdly, the farm is accustomed to obtain its cash and credit from a variety of sources, many of them not specifically rural. In finance, as in so much else, the modern farm is not a self-sufficient entity.

NIGEL HARVEY

A View of Spain

(By a Correspondent)

As we flew over the Guadarramas, a truculent sky seemed to press us down on to the peaks; but no rain was falling; and as the foothills got lost behind our wings, all signs of green vanished violently. The low ground towards Madrid was bleached the colour of worn silver plate, and when one put one's foot off the plane, the airport grass crackled like twigs. I drove out during the next days down to the Tagus, or across the mountains to Avila and Salamanca. Everywhere it was the same; the stubble grew eighteen inches high out of a ground so hard the farmers did not yet dare scratch it with the plough; the water hardly trickled through the hydro-electric conduits upon which the two Castilles depend for light and power; current was cut off from 7 a.m. to 7 p.m. three days a week; at the dark entrances to Ministries and offices you found boys waiting with candles to guide you up endless echoing stairs.

Not Gibraltar, but this drought and its inevitable consequence, the relative failure of this year's harvest, seemed to dominate the average Spanish conversation. This obsession brought home with painful violence how narrow is the margin that in Spain separates the tolerable existence from disaster. Almost ever since the end of the Civil War, bad luck has increased the burden of the regime's incompetence. There was little or no foreign aid, and a succession of disappointing harvests from 1939-1950. Then came two good crops, and by this time last year, hope was in the air. Now, a few months' implacable sunshine has ended the dream and the hope. So far as one pair of eyes could see, Spain is slipping back into the nervous despair of 1950.

It was, in the opinion of many intelligent Spaniards, the threat of economic crisis that forced Franco's hand in his negotiations with the Americans. For the last two years those who bother about foreign affairs have accepted as inevitable some form of pact which would grant the Americans the use of bases in Spain; but nobody dreamed that any sacrifice of Spanish sovereignty would be involved. Spain, we must remember, is not merely a European country, in the sense that France, Italy and Germany are countries; it is no mere question of customs houses and language and food habits; it is the centre of an empire, materially dead, spiritually vigorous. To find its likeness one must go out of this continent entirely—to Peking or to Teheran. Like the Chinese and the Persian, the Spaniard has a passionate sense of national independence; like them, he has been sustained in his moments of material weakness by a vigorous xenophobia that always renders the most odious of his enemies at home less repellent than his friends abroad.

During the last two centuries, helped perhaps by his Moorish strain, he has acquired an almost Oriental gift for nicely appraising the foreign forces that press upon his country, and for diverting them to press against and thus to nullify each other. The first, the principal popular requirement of a Spanish ruler, is to preserve Spanish authority and Spanish sovereignty in the eyes of the outside world. The monarchy fell in 1931 as much as anything because in the unfortunate Moroccan campaign it impaired both. On the other hand, the Spaniards may secretly laugh at Franco, may secretly curse him for a corrupt administration and a barren censorship; but until this summer they gave him credit for having preserved Spanish independence with considerable adroitness. After all, when Hitler was master of Europe, and his armies camped on the Pyrenees, Franco evaded his grasp; he persuaded the Western Powers at the same time to continue their supplies to Spain of essential grain and oil; at the end of the war, they might have overturned him without rallying all Spanish opinion against them. Instead, they merely withdrew ambassadors for a time—a gesture so futile that it could serve only to fill Franco and his nation with the conviction of their own invincible cleverness.

Now, suddenly, however, Franco has been forced into a capitulation to America more drastic in its immediate effects than any demand of Hitler's seemed to be. The benefits of the promised American economic aid will not be seen for several years. Meanwhile, for the first time since 1823, when Chateaubriand sent a French army, "the hundred thousand sons of St. Louis," to upset the Liberal Constitution, foreign troops, under their own flag and carrying their own laws, are to occupy Spanish soil. It is difficult to describe the shock which this arrangement has caused to Spaniards. Beyond a vague land-hunger among the peasants, and an anxiety about food among the town workers, there is little coherent Left-wing sentiment remaining in Spain. Russia seems far away. "Whatever the Falange may say, we none of us believes Russia a serious menace to Spain. And now, beside the prospect of food shortages and rising

Pure Knowledge

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prices, we're asked to face the risk of atom bombs, and to like being treated like a colonial race."

Such remarks typify the present Spanish mood of bewilderment and hurt pride. Franco, therefore, can hardly be blamed for diverting attention to foreign affairs, for turning Spanish ire against the English, still lodged on the Rock. In his diversion he is helped by the curious ambivalence of American political thought, that lingering dislike of British "imperialism" which breeds the argument that the new Pact has turned Gibraltar into a useless anachronism, to which the British cling out of a wanton desire to irritate and to annoy. Secretly of course, no sensible Spaniard nurses any deep feelings on the subject: in many ways the presence of the English in Gibraltar is as much a convenience to him as our presence in Hong Kong is to the Chinese: but many Spaniards have come to think that the modern English can be bullied out of anything. If the British Government has no idea of giving up Gibraltar in any circumstances —and this is surely the fact—a clear declaration to this effect would be useful. Nothing can be more harmful to Anglo-Spanish relations than uncertainty about the future of the Rock.

Essences

THE Athenians despised the Bœbtians for eating garlic, just as refined English people used to despise Latins for the same reason. The trouble was not so much oral offence as the unmannerly indifference to the susceptibilities of others implied by readiness to give such offence. That was unpolished, bucolic, and therefore contemptible. But when familiarity with alien manners became smart, and garlic-eating therefore sophisticated, there were soon as few English who would, shamefacedly, admit that they did not like garlic, as there were who would go to the lengths of eating garlic soup or a *poulet béarnais*.

Someone recently sent me a catalogue of health foods. As the only attribute I require of food is freshness, that is characteristic taste, and as most of these foods were as much preserved, tinned and dehydrated as the over-processed stuff often sold in tins, my interest in this document was slight until I came upon a remarkable item: garlic from which the smell, and therefore the taste, had been removed. At first I was puzzled: to remove the garlicness from garlic was, no doubt, a scientific *tour de force*, but it seemed unpractical since the reason for eating garlic must be removed at the same time. But there I was wrong: reading on, I discovered that garlic has medicinal properties.

As far as I know there is no scientific basis for this claim, and I imagine it to be a superstition connected with the very powerful smell. That smell is evidence of power, so why not beneficent power? But in that case it does not seem very sensible to remove it: garlic cannot possess the same medicinal properties when the sign of its magic has been removed. And yet perhaps it can: it is probably a matter of faith.

Most people eat and enjoy their food without thinking about it; they assume it will nourish them and so, of course, it does. The importance of faith in eating is demonstrated by the fact that innumerable people eat very bad food in France and will swear that it is excellent. If ordinary people began to think about their food they would find themselves in difficulties: for example, garlic, onions and apples, to name only three foods, are declared by those who like to think of food as medicine to be full of valuable properties. On the other hand, laboratory workers, whose rather crude techniques reveal in these vegetables nothing of particular value as food, assert that these claims are nonsensical. But the one property which obviously always has been, is and will be beneficial is that essence which the food faddists remove and the food scientists ignore, the smell, the taste, the soul of the vegetable.

But since arguments about food are not attended to by ordinary people, and since once the essence of a food has created the necessary faith in that food, it can safely be removed, very little harm is done by either food faddists or scientists. We are aware that bread has long nourished mankind: we eat a substance which, we are persuaded, is bread; the fact that it is an emasculated, bleached, inflated imitation does not prevent us from being nourished. So perhaps even deodorised garlic would be good for us, were it not for the fact that it comes too late.

The mania for removing the essence from things and feelings and ideas, for it was not confined to foodstuffs, was at its height about twenty-five years ago. There was, for example, the case of the passion of love which long possessed an essence, for Western Christian man, which is not found in it among other peoples. Because of this essence love had long received, in life as in literature, an amount of attention and a degree of respect out of all proportion to its importance. It was consequently immensely useful as a source of social conflict, a subject of conversation, an inspiration for art and letters. The pungent essence was, of course, sin. Among other peoples and in other times the indulgence of love in certain conditions might be socially inexpedient and therefore penalised: but it was not sin, and consequently not very interesting, and therefore not a suitable derivation for works of literary genius, or anything else. The sin in love, like the smell in garlic, was everything for Western Christian man, and only an officious busybody would have interfered with it.

But about a generation ago Mr. Aldous Huxley and his disciples went to a great deal of trouble to anticipate, in the case of love, the anonymous genius who has now removed the smell from garlic: they removed the sin from love. This was a disservice done to amateurs of love whether in practice or in print, and the erotic attribute of literature, as of life, soon became insignificant and tedious. In earnestly realistic novels love became what in American writing it remains to this day, a dirty word. In other classes of writing it became perfectly unconvincing, and although a few poets and novelists still laboured to pretend that love was important, it was only too clear that they did not believe it and were merely thinking of their income. Only the classicists escaped the blight of sinless love: classicism is elegance of mind imposing itself upon style, which imposes upon the matter. Intellectual elegance is largely a matter of opposition to the vulgar, and consequently the literary classicists have always inclined to homosexuality. Not only did the essence-removers not quite succeed in getting the taint of sin out of homosexual love: some extraordinarily able men who were themselves intellectual dandies, for example, André Gide, were for ever busy putting it back again. Thus in the novels, for example, of Monsieur Roger Peyrefitte, there is none of that faded and rather wilted quality in love passages which mars the work of less heterodox writers. As for them, what could they do? They could pretend that it was still 1913; or they could make their love into a fairly amusing kind of sport; or they could try to introduce a spurious essence to replace that removed by Mr. Huxley, but only with the most lamentable results even in the works of men of genius, like D. H. Lawrence.

Our generation, with better understanding, begins to repair the damage done. A beginning has been made, both in the case of fruit, flowers, and love. It has been recognised, for example, that the appleness of apples is their most important attribute. It happens that in an industrial and commercial civilisation it is physically impossible that more than a minute fraction of the population should, in fact, ever taste or smell an apple. In the cold stores or the gas stores where the fruit is kept the apples give off a gas. With it go scent and flavour. The gas smells, of course, of apples. American industrial science has found a way of collecting this fragrant essence, and although it cannot put it back into the fruit, it can, and does, sell it in bottles to greengrocers who can, and do, spray their shops with it. It does not matter that the apples offered for sale have long lost the power to convey to nose or palate any sensation whatever: the bottled essence, by inducing the customers to *believe in* the apples, works a commonplace miracle: the appleness is restored in the customers' faith.

The essence, the goodness, the soul of a bunch of violets is in the scent. But it happens that those plant-breeders who produced the largest, handsomest and hardiest violets, those capable of commanding a price in the market, were forced, owing to the troublesome laws invented by the Abbé Gregor Mendel, to abandon the smell entirely. However, British and French florists, long anticipating the American apple growers, learnt to spray their violets with violet scent synthetised in the laboratory: in the faith of the public, at least, they restored the essence.

It looks very much as if the man who, no doubt at great trouble and expense, has been taking the smell out of garlic is behind the times and will have to get busy and put it right back again. Probably it will soon be possible to buy essence of garlic in small bottles, and to sprinkle it on the cloves of deodorised garlic before we use them. It should be no more difficult to do this than it is proving difficult to get the sin back into love. For what Mr. Huxley removed twenty-five or thirty years ago is being restored by the brilliant talent and formidable industry of Mr. Graham Greene. True, his characters are specialists in feeling sinful, but Protestant writers and even secular ones will not be able to afford lagging behind. Life, moreover, is quicker and quicker to imitate art. We can manage with deodorised garlic, provided it is well sprinkled with the extracted scent.

EDWARD HYAMS

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AFTER the Communion and Ablution, the priest draped the chalice, swung without warning to face the congregation, and "Your prayers," he was already reciting, "are requested for the repose of the soul of Judge Aodh O'Farrell," (he put in the "Judge"), "for whom this Mass is offered." He uttered the formula dispassionately, his eye wandering over the twelfth Station while the words detained him, the after panel of his silver-braided black chasuble lightly brushing the marble of the altar behind him. There had been an upturning of faces at the quick first intimation of being addressed; he was finished now and was rejoining the open missal out on the right wing of the altar, and the heads relapsed. Meanwhile, up forward at the top of the nave of the small village chapel, raised in full view in the central crossing, foot altarwards on an undressed catafalque formed of a plank on trestles and flanked by tall candles burning, rested Aodh's coffin of oak, banked high in fresh wreaths and, underneath them, swaddled loosely in the tricolour.

That's what these intellectuals with their fancy notions will never understand, sighed Hegarty, resuming his train of thought. He was slumped in a kneeling posture in one of the lower rows away down behind the politicians and behind the monkey-suited muster of Bench and Senior Bar in their clawhammer coats. His youth passed before him—the Trouble, that spring of '19 when he and the others came home from apprenticeship to conspiracy inside a dozen granite-built jails up and down England. There had been a certain Castle hack—a sleeveen of a fellow, dug with the other foot but had a Catholic name, the Protestantism could have been a naturalised form, say eighty years from the soup; they had been out gunning for him, they shot him up too. I didn't like doing that, argued Hegarty now to himself. That was the way, just. There was a time to play ball with that crowd of plants and quislings, and a time to turn on the heat on them, and after all it was either true that no man could be let stand in the path of a nation's march to freedom or it wasn't. And leaving a widow with three young children. But family or no family, it made no odds, for hadn't Hegarty to realise that what they had on their hands was a war?

That was it; it was when it came to the dirty job that had to be done that you felt poor Aodh's type dragging their feet. Certainly Aodh was a brave man and was out from the early days, and did more than his time inside for it. It was a "fisherman" who came up to him on a strand in the County Kerry and clapped his hand on his shoulder and said: "Aodh O'Farrell, I arrest you in the name of His Majesty!" Recognised him in the distance, though Aodh on his side didn't know the fellow from a crow; Lewes he was sent to. That lined him up for the Ministry he filled out after coming home, not that he sought after the job. And no one would doubt was his heart in the right place who had heard him at Bar dinners these last years, singing *The Snowy-breasted Pearl* or *The Coulin* or one of those wistful laments with all the grace-notes. A good man to get a Circuit Judgeship—a backmarker in the professional handicap, had been through the hoop, not one of the stall-fed oxen. He had not been ashamed to confess the relief it was, either; people forget that an old bachelor may have a mother and sisters to keep. But the full depth of the duplicity of the British was something Aodh never properly grasped; the plain fact that you were dealing with ruthless enemies who responded to one thing and one thing only—ruthlessness in reverse. However, that was the worst to be said of him. You turned a blind eye to it; when all is said and done, where do you ever find the man that has all eight notes complete? Hegarty fingered his beads.

At the close of the Mass the priest changed to a cope and, coming down, gave the Absolution, circling the bier. Finally the sacristy door opened, and down on to the scene trooped in double file the veterans of the Old I.R.A. of the county; their campaign medals were up, and for the occasion they were wearing in the Presence their battered felt trilbies, mostly green, the headdress of the guerrilla's only uniform. Six of them shouldered the coffin. At a sign, preceded by the priests in surplices, they started slowly in procession down the aisle, the chief mourners in heavy black following on their heels, the Parties and the profession falling in next, the parish last of all, swamped out with farmer and councillor acquaintances of the Judge's come in from the Geraldine country all around. Through the organ music, and out of phase with its beat, a new sound was heard breaking out aloft, the measured tolling of the passing-bell. The head of the procession drew through the porch and out into the May sun.

The cemetery lay a half-mile up the road. Back here before the church the motor-hearse waited, with the Army drawn up behind—the bearer party of military police, the infantry escort found from the 2nd Battalion, massed in a column four abreast, now standing with arms reversed, and in the rear the No. 1 Band in navy uniform piped with red. Eight commandants would walk with the hearse. Village people not joining stood in groups against the shops on the far side of the street, looking on; some had attended the lifting to the church the evening before. By now the congregation discharged from the Requiem was forming up in a long cortège, building back from the tail of the band. There was a delay while the coffin was loaded in.

"When are you driving back down?" Dwyer asks as they wait. "Straight after," says Tennant. They look back on practice in the dead man's court. A stickler for the ancient pieties, a bit of an old buck nun in ways, and his slowness would put years on you; a gentleman with it all—courteous and pleasant to the humblest. Not his fault if he was a bit over-strict—he was strict with himself, too. That trip that was mooted on the night they were all dining him as their new judge, when he hadn't known would his petrol ration run to it and Tapp said to "leave that to us"—he was almost sharp with Tapp, "nothing like that," he said, the guest of honour too. The opposite of his brother Egan. Egan, from his flock's reports on him, went rather too far, perhaps, with his uncleared list always collapsing so nicely on the eve of Aintree or Cheltenham; but you could sympathise. Yet it had been a shock to hear about Aodh, that went without saying—a genuine shock. "Are you doing Blue Baby in the 3.30?" starts Dyer.

At last all was ready; an order was rapped out, and balance-stepping carefully the escort began to advance from behind on the hearse; the drummer in his leopardskin clouted the bass drum, the band struck up, men watching on the kerb swept off their hats, the hearse lurched forward, and they were off. Wheeling left-handed they were played over the bridge with *Saul*, crossing the river to the right bank; a good salmon river—it was at next full moon the smolts would be dropping down it for their first seafaring. Here the road bore left

downstream, but climbing away and losing sight of the water. Beginning where the houses ended, troops stationed singly at intervals lined the road on each side to the cemetery gate, resting on their arms reversed, left hand clamped over right on the stock, the muzzle pressing into the boot. Each of them bowed his helmeted head as he felt the hearse crawl up; keeping always abreast, that obeisance rippled away along the line like the running imprint of the wind down a hedge, only slower. Ahead, the tarred surface shimmered, melting under the beat of the noonday sun. The band was giving the Chopin march. Some judge was being planted, they had heard yesterday; they were the only ones here who had not known him to see. It was a humpy road, and when the band topped a rise and descended, the music was intercepted from the walkers farther behind and came back muted, until suddenly they in their turn were up, and it welled in on their ears anew, mingling with the tramp of feet; haunting and sad, the soul of all regret. A minute later it ceased, and there were only the massed footfalls and their din as of a surf. Up in front the hearse had stopped beyond the open gate. The colour-wrapped coffin was eased out, shipped again and borne inside; the procession poured in after, to break and reform in a wide circle around the grave.

In surplice and stole the officiating priest said the prayer of benediction over the grave and sprinkled it. Now the antiphon. He read it from his manual for greater certainty. *Ego sum Resurrectio et Vita; qui credit in Me, etiamsi mortuus fuerit, vivet; et omnis, qui vivit et credit in Me, non morietur in aeternum.* Hegarty watched from a vantage-point on the fender of an old grave, brooding. Beside him stood tall young Cleary, the idealist, with swimming eyes. The priest recited the canticle as the coffin was lowered down in with slings.

The six veterans who earlier had carried the coffin stepped forward, still in their hats. They were the bugler, the firing party of four and their sergeant. The sergeant looked over his men. "Lohoad!" A pause as they loaded. "Preezent!" They trained their rifles on a cruising white cloud. "Fire!" Four wreaths of smoke jumped forth and hung in a row just above the four muzzles; at the loud crackling report, a pigeon broke covert and flew flapping up in alarm from the eave of the beech wood beyond the highway outside. "Reload! . . . Preezent! . . . Fire!" As the volley cracked out, their hands plunged spontaneously down into their jacket pockets to draw out quickly with a fresh cartridge. The four puffs of smoke from the last discharge curled away. "Ordurr . . . arms!" "Slohope . . . arms!" "Preezent . . . arms!"

Little Ryan the bugler stepped to the front. "A pint o' plain," he would often declare in Taaffe's parlour of an evening, "is your only man!" "Where do yeh put it all, Tom?" they would respond admiringly. "Have yeh hollow legs?" Now he stood in his bottle-green hat before the bareheaded silent concourse, strategists and administrators and eminent jurists, and raised his bugle to his lips. He paused a moment, holding himself in; then all at once he stiffened, his cheeks were seen to bulge and wax suffused, his straining eyes locked and the veins stood out in his throat, and from the mouth of the bugle, coming in with a rising fifth, issued his bad breath transmuted into solemn and awestriking sound, a call inexorable yet compassionate that sprung and ceased and came on once more and cleft the air far up the Dublin road; the Last Post. To his side the sword-girt officers of the Army stood to rigid attention with right elbows carried out up, their returning forearms poised at the salute. The last echo died away.

"Firing party," cried the sergeant, ". . . March!" Then they tramped off. As the repressed feelings of the mourners broke out in a hum of conversation with handshaking and greetings in low voices, Smith, true to form, produced pencil and envelope and started taking names to oblige the press. The gravediggers resumed filling in the grave.

This was on the second Saturday in May and in the following month a new appointment was made to Aodh's place on the Circuit Court Bench.

PETER BRENNAN

The Arts and Entertainment

THE LOST AND THE DAMNED

Two most interesting plays are now to be seen in London, *Blind Man's Buff* by Ernst Toller and Denis Johnston at the St. Martin's and Simenon's *The Snow Was Black* at the Watergate. Both have obvious faults—or anyhow drawbacks—but each engages the full attention and leads us on to interesting ground. *Blind Man's Buff* is set largely in and around the law courts, and its impact comes from showing how behind the ideas and ideals of justice which the Law is there to uphold there is the machinery of law, which clever men are trained to manipulate dispassionately in the interests of their clients. It is nearly always a shock to the layman (especially if he happens to be involved himself) to discover that the practitioners of the law, and barristers especially, are comparatively uninterested in either the personal or the ideal aspects of a case. A case to them is a technical problem. The more difficult it is, the less can they afford to have their judgment disturbed by personal feelings or ideal considerations. Their view must remain a tactical one. The question is, simply, can the case be won, and if so how?

A doctor, in *Blind Man's Buff*, is accused of poisoning his wife. The evidence is slender, but it exists. He knows and his chief ally—a woman doctor with whom two years earlier he had had an affair—knows, that he is innocent. All he wants is that the truth and the whole truth shall come out. But to his counsel his case is a tricky problem. The defence is that the wife committed suicide. Counsel knows that in a murder trial before the average jury nothing is so damaging as the revelation that the accused is also an adulterer. The jury won't believe that the affair ended completely two years earlier. They will immediately supply the accused with a motive, and a weak case will be transformed into a strong one. Counsel's plan of defence depends upon evidence relating to the prisoner's character being excluded. The prosecution realise that if he succeeds in this he will get the prisoner off and they bend all their efforts to getting this evidence admitted. To the prisoner fighting for his life this seems a mere squabble over legal quibbles. He cannot believe that his life depends on a mere matter of tactics.

The splendid second act of the play shows this battle engaged in court itself. And it goes according to plan. We watch the subtle and delicate walking over the ice of the unadmitted evidence. The defence counsel has gauged the judge accurately, and when the moment comes the fatal evidence is ruled to be excluded. Now the defence has the case in its pocket—on one condition. None of its witnesses must attack the character of the prosecution's witnesses, or they in turn will have the right to bring in any evidence, even the *excluded* evidence, to defend themselves. The main prosecution witness has been a malevolent and lying servant, and the counsel for the prosecution tries his hardest to needle the defence witnesses into attacking her motives. The tactical legal battle becomes a battle of human nerve endurance, and at this test the prisoner finally fails. He bursts into a denunciation of the servant and thereby loses for himself the case

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which his counsel had so cunningly all but won.

It is a pity that the play did not concentrate more completely on this one issue; the authors would then have had time to make their chief characters more convincing. The last act, in which the State Solicitor (the play is placed in Dublin) who has pressed the charge, changes his view and gets a free pardon for the doctor, is altogether less convincing, and the attempt to make the two doctors into people is belated. It is the lawyers who have the best chances, Douglas Wilmer as the thin-blooded defence counsel and Hugh Manning as the rubicund prosecution. Newton Blick is admirably restrained as the dry judge, and Mr. John Phillips speaks up well for ideal justice. Wilfred Brambell provides comic relief and Mr. Dennis Price and Miss Elizabeth Allan do their best for the rather inhuman humans. The big trial scene is admirably produced. Elsewhere a little more imagination was necessary to stage the complicated lead-up effectively.

The New Watergate Theatre Club is now, on its stage side, under the direction of Mr. Norman Marshall who, it will be remembered, supplied the serious theatre-goer with many of his pleasures between the wars at the old Gate. Mr. Marshall evidently intends to pursue a similar policy of courageous experiment at the Watergate. *The Snow Was Black* is the Simenon play which ran for over a year in Paris and is now admirably translated by Miss Kitty Black. Its period is the occupation and its *mise-en-scène* the underworld. Its hero is the young son of a brothel-keeper who divides his time between her establishment and the low bars of the city. He is the rootless, rudderless, faithless, amoral adolescent that we know fairly well now from the novels of, say, Sartre or Genet; and it is, I think, a criticism of the play that after the first part we seem only to have been led, though very skilfully, through one of these modern versions of Grand Guignol. Nothing any longer can give him a sensation and he goes from depravity to depravity in the search, apparently, for something, anything, by which to prove himself still capable of feeling. Senseless murders and pointless robberies fail to mean anything to him, but he at last begins to feel at the point where he procures for one of his degenerate bar acquaintances a young girl for whom he has developed more than a passing fancy.

If all this sounds, as it must sound written down so, satanic to the point almost of the ludicrous, it does not appear like that on the stage. Conveyed in a series of highly charged and cleverly contrived understatements it convinces, though at first only on the level of fashionable French fiction. It is in the second act that something more than this appears, though I'm not sure that I'm prepared on only one seeing to offer an explanation of exactly what it is. For here the play takes on a different dimension. The Occupation police, from whom he deliberately invites arrest, are something more than ordinary police, and his desire to explain himself to them something more than a common police-court confession. His acts so far have been the acts of a depraved child, and a child is morally as well as legally irresponsible. In order to be forgiven, in order to be able to atone, it is necessary for him to learn to be a man, and to accept the responsibility for what he has done. And this, in the long process of his interrogation, where he is confronted with his past, is what he learns to do.

The Snow Was Black is not a pleasant play nor an easy one either to describe or to understand. But it will be of great interest to all who follow contemporary French literature and they will be grateful to Mr. Norman Marshall for presenting it. It has been most imaginatively staged—no easy job at the small Watergate Theatre; and the play is on the whole very well acted. Mr. Roland Curram has the long and difficult part of the boy and acts it most sensitively and movingly. Others I must mention in a long cast are Perlita Neilson, John Le Messurier, Carol Coombe, Denis Shaw and Willarby Goddard.

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RADIO NOTES

I TAKE it that, however much one may complain of it, criticise it, and even at times feel positively disgruntled with it, the Third Programme is really one of our principal blessings. The simplest way of realising this is merely to consider all the things that would not be done if there were no Third in existence to do them. Doubtless, this is most obvious in music, but in the drama, too, the Third fulfils, among others, the function that thirty years ago was looked after by the Phœnix Society. How, but for the Third, would it be possible for those of us who do not happen to be on the spot when an enterprising university society is about, to hear, for example, a production of *The Spanish Tragedy*? To hear is not to see, yet I would back Mr. Martyn C. Webster's radio production last week against all but the best stage production, for the obvious horrors of the play are such that, seen, they can easily turn wincing dismay into embarrassed giggles. But how splendid it was, and what life remains in the play, and how good a dramatic poet Kyd was; and this last, even though Mr. Webster, surely mistakenly, had cut the most famous passage, Hieronimo's encounter with the painter. This apart, Mr. Webster did brilliantly both in his editing of the text and in the pace and variety he infused into the production. As Hieronimo, Mr. Cecil Trouncer, who in radio never goes wrong, was superb. It was a very enjoyable and exciting two hours.

I found enjoyable, too, Mr. Donagh MacDonagh's version of the Deirdre legend *The Last Hero*. He made it earthier and lighter than Yeats's and Synge's, and changed its ending. I felt, indeed, that he had sophisticated the ending and therefore made the legend smaller. The lightness came from his verse, which was charming but hovered constantly on the verge of embroidery. But it never quite toppled over into decoration or blurred the sureness of the characterisation, which was, at any rate where Conor and Deirdre were concerned, both sharp and subtle. *The Last Hero* struck me very much as a "modern" version of the legend; therein I felt lay its strength and its weakness. Miss Siobhan McKenna played Deirdre with an admirably passionate intensity.

With *The Affirming Flame* Mr. Patric Dickinson concluded his reassessment of the war poetry of the century; in it he gave his interpretation of the poetry of the recent war. I didn't feel too happy about the production: it seemed to me rather too packed and hasty, as though a script that should have run for eighty minutes was being very determinedly forced into sixty. What was novel and stimulating was the withholding until the end of the programme of the names of the authors of the poems read, for in a programme of this kind both script-writer and listener have to contend with a possible over-familiarity of material. Not to know the author before the poem was read at least keyed-up the attention; one was coming to it fresh. The level of the verse read was naturally uneven: what shone out for me was the beauty and excellence of F. T. Prince's *Soldiers Bathing*.

One discovers many strange things as a professional listener. Last week, for instance, I discovered that life among the British Army of the Rhine was uniformly lovely. This is possibly to be unfair to a programme—*The British Army of the Rhine*—which set out through recorded interviews to give a picture of Army life in Germany, but the resulting picture certainly had the shine of a brand-new recruiting poster. It isn't that one expects or wants muck-raking in a programme of this kind; it is merely a fact that such programmes actually gain in conviction from the inclusion of a few of the "minor gestures of dissent." If only someone had said, "I don't like my sergeant!"

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"The Heart of the Matter," at the Carlton "Androcles and the Lion," at the Rialto

Whether *The Heart of the Matter* goes to it I don't know, not having read the novel. It seems to transmit; the excitements and developments are in story and character rather than essential film. There is quite a nice background of Sierra Leone. Mr. Trevor Howard trips down steps with a touristy interest in a squatting native band that reiterates maddeningly its patter music. When the sun glares and its shadows blacken, the characters sweat tensely—the men, that's to say, women only getting old before their time. The rains come, most generously, on location and off. At dramatic moments the scratch of fingernail on drum or the ringing of cicadas will enhance. There are harbourside fights, treks, ferryings over rivers. Some sequences—that, for example, of the murderous brawl, which is to receive its echo at the end—are quite brilliantly filmed. Yet one never quite feels one's there, as one was there, say, in the Casbah of *Pepé le Moko*. The drama is of another dimension from the view; and that, I'm sure, was not the case of the original.

Reality suffers in a further way. The dramatic moments seem to be stage moments, and there are stagy bits where the studios outdoors must try to match the location shots before and after. All this results in a certain lack of immediacy and attack; yet the force of the novel carries it through. Not that I would minimise the skill of the director, George More O'Ferrall, whose intelligence and, I believe, short experience of the screen are indeed welcome.

Especially has he made his actors work well. Trevor Howard gives a fine performance as Scobie the Assistant Commissioner, the "just man" caught in a web of tenderness and Catholic doctrine. This is, I think, the first time I have gained any real sense of the Catholic struggle in an un-Catholic world; and the matter of war and the jungle add depth. Elizabeth Allan as his wife begins doubtfully with nerves but picks up later. The inadmissible third, a young Austrian widow of shipwreck, is played with great charm by Maria Schell. Graham Greene's dialogue all through touches chords of irony and sympathy not elsewhere to be met with in the cinema. "It's a mistake," remarks Scobie, "mixing up happiness with love," an observation much

deepened by the circumstances in which it is spoken *The Heart of the Matter* ought, in fact, to have been the best Graham Greene film we have seen yet. It isn't that; but it is Graham Greene, and the film itself well above average.

I can't say the same of *Androcles and the Lion*, which seems to me poor Shaw and poorer film. Filming Shaw seems to me in any case a hopeless task, for if anyone depended on words, irreverent and argumentative words in a theatrical setting, it was Shaw. He is more lost on a screen than even Shakespeare. Of course there are exceptions in both cases: *Henry V* and *Pygmalion* made notable films, and *Macbeth* and *Arms and the Man* still might. But I can't imagine a good screen *Androcles*: its mixture of charade, farce, irreligion, and ethics (with the last somewhat curtailed) don't enjoy a change of climate. The funny side of martyrdom was never, I think, very appealing, but Liony-Piony and other-cheek Petronius were. Here a real lion makes nonsense of forest fear and Petronius (Robert Newton) gets his laugh and tries to go on getting it. Miss Jean Simmons makes a pretty, pert Lavinia, and there's a likeable simplicity about Mr. Alan Young's Androcles. Where will Pascal strike next? This time Shavians may feel that he has left out too much and the rest of us that more than enough remains.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Two Festival Hall Concerts

The opening of the B.B.C.'s concert season on October 14, was the occasion of Kirsten Flagstad's farewell. It is a time for sadness, for tears even, when a great artist takes leave of her public, and though the last Covent Garden Isolde in 1951, and the last song recital earlier this year, had prepared us emotionally, this was a moving occasion. Flagstad first sang here seventeen years ago. She must have known that the intimate *Wesendonck-Lieder*, scored and scaled up to heroic size, would not be the right note to end on; and so she added, as a surprise, the *Liebestod*. One hardly heard the actual performance, but relived in it those Covent Garden Isoldes we shall not see again. It was better not to hear the unworthy accompaniment. The concert also offered a trite little overture, *Proud Thames*, with which Elizabeth Maconchy won an L.C.C. Coronation prize. Sir Thomas Beecham's incalculable superiority to any other English conductor was demonstrated again last Sunday at the first of the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra's "Popular Concerts." Popular, for Sir Thomas, does not mean hackneyed; in the amazingly busy prospectus to which he has committed himself, there is not one uninteresting programme. Sunday brought the *Zauberflöte* Overture (making one long for Sir Thomas's return to Covent Garden), Haydn No. 102 (at once robust and delicately shaped), and Tchaikovsky's "Little Russian" Symphony, seldom heard, and in Sir Thomas's performance quite enchanting.

A. P.

Andrew Forge, at Agnew's

Those who have read Andrew Forge's recent articles, particularly his one on Renoir, may well agree that he is the most painterly and penetrating critic writing today. Now the ten paintings that he is showing reveal the same qualities as his criticism: austere intelligence, a sense of poetic excitement that is the result of the most painstaking study and observation, a responsible awareness of the painter's inheritance from tradition, and an absolute refusal (perhaps incapacity) to be slick. Forge's pedigree goes back to Mantegna. Don't expect anything very dramatic. His paintings are ordinary-looking, clumsy and somewhat undeveloped. Only gradually if you look at them, you will find that you can truly inhabit them, that the beams hold. This is because they have really been constructed—as though the painter were using nails and wood to build a box to put his discoveries in. The best painting is of a girl asleep in bed. It has weaknesses: the paint is a bit tired, the top of the chest of drawers is a little uncomfortable against the top edge of the canvas, the grey triangle under the girl's chin and between the pillows and the sheets doesn't lead back. But none of these faults destroys the strength and honesty of the picture as a whole. Forge has allowed himself no liberties. The shadows follow the forms of the girl's face as grimily and unflatteringly (to girl and picture) as real stains of tiredness, the form of the torso under the sheets is as severe as that of a mummy's in a shroud, the colour is lack-lustre London; and yet it is a warm, tender, iridescent painting. Look in at the door and she is there; you notice the disarranged bedclothes but what you look at are her eyes to see whether she is awake. That is the literary interpretation. In the painting it is done by construction.

J. B.

Vienna Ballet, at the Princes

As an introduction to the Vienna Ballet, the programme tells us that its founder, Grete Wiesenthal, developed from her early classical training a style of dancing in which "dancers could now translate and interpret musical feeling in movement and pose." Her present translations are given by six young ladies who are generally clothed in Isadora Duncanish floating draperies or long circular skirts that swirl and eddy in a manner reminiscent of Cyril Ritchard's "Martha of the Plains." The young ladies' feet are bare or covered by silver sandals; they dance their nature dances before silver lame curtains. The movement is often beautiful and the girls lilt and twirl with wonderful grace and control; but there is little variety, and the sentiment of many of the ballets is coy beyond belief. When the girls are dressed up as debonair young sparks it sets the teeth on edge. Men are so much better at impersonating women than women are at impersonating men; for, Vesta Tilley perhaps excepted, women seem unable to identify themselves as male in the way that men can identify themselves as female. To see the young ladies of the Vienna Ballet chucking the chins of their fellow females is an excruciating experience. The Wine Presser Dance is the best in the programme, being more truly vital and original than anything else. The costumes are also rich and handsome, whereas in the rest of the programme they are rather sickly.

A. F.

Correspondence

"TOO DEAR TO EAT"

SIR,—Though Mr. Hyams criticised and Mr. Walston praised my article "Too Dear to Eat," both in fact endorsed my main point—that one is unlikely to get rising food production when consumption is shrinking because of high consumer prices. If I exaggerated the rise in world food production, as Mr. Hyams claims, my case is in fact strengthened, not weakened, by his correction because "surpluses" have appeared in the West at a lower level of output than I suggested had been reached. Of course, these "surpluses" are not surpluses at all when set against world needs, but within the limits of the present national policies of both Britain and the United States they are real enough.

My point is that whatever the overall world shortage of food, the problem of the Western World has become one primarily of marketing and distribution as distinct from production. In the United States farmers have worked out an allotment scheme under which 17 million acres will be taken out of wheat production next year because the growers cannot find a market at the price they demand. They are not interested in the fact that the Eastern half of the world is still near starvation. In Britain this year seasonal surpluses have appeared of milk, bacon, lamb, fruit and vegetables—not because we are all eating as much as we desire, or even as much as we did before the war, but because we cannot afford to buy what is already available.

As the Ministry of Food tables for 1952 show, consumption of all food groups in the U.K., except meat, has fallen during the last two years, and most are still below pre-war levels. Even in meat we were only eating last year 84.6 per cent. of the pre-war quantity. Significantly, the only items, apart from milk, of which we are eating more than before the war are potatoes and bread grains. The public is having to make do with cheaper and less nutritionally valuable foods. The increased consumption of liquid

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milk since 1939 has been due to the subsidy and to welfare policies like free school milk. When the subsidy was reduced last year, and the price increased, domestic consumption showed an immediate fall.

In these circumstances it is nonsense to talk of expanding, indiscriminately, home agricultural production, unless we have a plan for distributing what we already grow. Mr. Hyams suggests that we should increase industrial wages in order to enable us to buy dearer food, but surely all that will do is to make us less competitive in manufactures while paying more for the same quantity of food. This in turn must lead to a still further reduction of our nutritional standard, without doing anything to relieve the hunger of the backward areas. Alternatively he suggests we should restore food subsidies. Fine; but don't let us underestimate what this will cost. The more we expand supplies of home-grown food at the expense of cheaper imports, the higher the bill for subsidies will be. Mr. Walston is nearer the point when he suggests we can only justify expanding British agriculture if we can get the costs of production down. By inference he admits that we shall never do this merely by continuing the policy of high guaranteed prices under the Agriculture Act, 1947. We have reached the point of diminishing returns from this policy. I repeat that neither party has worked out the implications to our national economy of the glib call for more and more home-grown food.

The greatest danger in these circumstances seems to me to be that the Government will dodge its responsibility and accept the N.F.U.'s policy. This is to restrict supplies (particularly imported supplies) in an effort to maintain the U.K. guaranteed price levels by artificially creating shortage. And when demand falls as a result of higher prices, there will be still stronger pressure for the maintenance of high guaranteed prices for food which nobody can afford to buy. The effects of such a policy on the national economy are to be seen only too clearly in France today.

BARBARA CASTLE

House of Commons.

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BRITISH GUIANA

SIR,—There are two sides to every question. You make it your weekly business to stimulate and entertain with the seamy side (but seldom to inform) in your inimitable idiom of destructive analysis. Therefore, as a regular NEW STATESMAN reader who knows a great deal about British Guiana through being Chairman of Bookers, I was not surprised to find that in "The Story of British Guiana" you had strained truth in your particular direction beyond its limits. By distorting the story no farther on the other side one could depict the country as veritable El Dorado; which it is not.

British Guiana is a most imperfect place. But its imperfections are of Nature—not Britain or Bauxite or Bookers, who are doing their best in formidably difficult physical and economic conditions. The wonder is not that life in British Guiana is not Utopian, but that life and production can exist there at all. Its coastal belt lying below sea-level, a man-made environment reclaimed from the sea by great technical skills and at huge capital expense, fighting a perpetual battle against water, and for years against starvation prices for colonial produce—it is remarkable that inhabited British Guiana can support its ever-growing population at even their present standard of living, low as it is compared with more fortunate countries.

Owing to its physical uniqueness there can be no alternative in British Guiana to large-scale planned agriculture. Destroy confidence, drive out capital and skills, and you leave nothing but swamps and starvation.

You strain the truth in your quotations out of context from the Report of the Venn Commission, which was favourable to the Sugar Industry, largely attributing its imperfections to environment, low prices for Sugar and the difficulties of the War years. The Commission recommended higher prices and reduced taxation. Fair prices for about two-thirds of the Colony's output of Sugar have been brought by the Commonwealth Sugar Agreement, offering new hope and prospect for the future. This has enabled the Industry to spend some £5,000,000 on capital works during the last few years, with a planned policy to bring their productive assets and conditions for staff and labour up to a standard not previously possible.

You depart altogether from the truth when you write that "the Sugar interests" have discouraged social expenditure and the development of "any productive enterprises alternative to Sugar"; that their policy has been to restrict acreage; and that a land reclamation scheme "was obstructed by the Sugar interests."

The "Sugar interests," as you point out, have a widely varied stake in the prosperity of British Guiana. For obvious reasons they have not only fought a bitter campaign for increased export quotas for Sugar but, all too conscious of the country's vulnerable dependence upon monoculture, they have experimented with and done all they can to stimulate other primary and secondary industries. As for social expenditure, Dr. Giglioli, the Industry's Malariologist, has virtually wiped out malaria from the coastlands; you yourselves refer to the increasing birth-rate and falling death-rate, and much has been done to improve the deplorable housing heritage of the past—but much remains to be done.

All men of goodwill to the people of British Guiana must now devote themselves to restoring confidence, overcoming the natural disabilities of the country, and stimulating economic and social development; so helping the people forward once more on their road to political maturity.

J. M. CAMPBELL

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"SOCIALISATION'S NEW LOOK"

SIR,—I thoroughly agree with G. D. H. Cole that a good deal of careful thinking is required concerning firm-by-firm nationalisation and applaud his excellent article on the subject. At the risk of appearing immodest, however, I should like to draw his attention to some thinking which has already been carried out, and which is recorded in a recent Fabian pamphlet by Austen Albu, M.P., and myself.

We propose that one special ordinary share of every public company be vested by Statute in the State—no compensation for shareholders being required—and that this share should carry the right to appoint directors to the Board with, say, one-third of the voting power of the full Board. We had in mind what Mr. Cole has stated, viz. that local Government offices, possibly under the Board of Trade's regional organisation, be set up to administer these Government directors in conformity with the policy of the national planning authority—which would, incidentally, have to become considerably more competent than it has appeared to be in the past. The directors might also receive advice locally from Ministries specially interested in the local industries—for example, the Ministries of Supply and Works would often want the help of directors concerned with engineering or building firms, and such help would be given subject to overriding planning control. Directors would also use their powers towards dividends, directing capital investment and forming the loan policy of joint stock banks.

We suggested the reorganisation of all *public* companies, since these are relatively few (12,000) and declining in numbers, and since they include almost all the economically important firms and most of those in which the "exploitation of man by man" could be said to exist on a significant scale. We omitted private companies, which are astonishingly numerous (over 230,000) and increasing rapidly in numbers; since these are economically much less important, and are largely owner-managed small-time enterprises harming no one. Some steps might, however, be taken to redefine "private company" to exclude the larger ones from this category.

We do not, I think, anticipate that Government directors would sit at all board meetings: on the contrary, they would attend only when and where necessary, and training and experience would doubtless enable them to become expert at deciding this point. But even behind the scenes their influence would be felt, and no company chairman would be likely to try to push through a proposal which he knew the Government director would be likely to oppose. For apart from the one-third voting power he would hold, he would have influence over the company's success in obtaining licences, raw materials, etc., from Ministries; and no Board could overlook this with impunity under a Labour Government's planned economy. Furthermore, we suggest that the company's employees should have the legal right to appoint (if they wished, and not otherwise) directors holding up to one-third of the voting power of the full Board. So a Government director, holding one-third voting power, could call on the workers to back him up on a serious issue with *their* one-third voting power. Although such a showdown might be rare, and the workers usually reluctant to appoint their directors for fear of divided loyalties, the Board would be aware of the implied threat of being outvoted; and this would probably avert any such crisis in most cases, and encourage a conciliatory spirit!

I believe myself that this scheme is not only Socialist, but also workable and flexible, and it eliminates the need for a powerful Control Board, as envisaged by Mr. Cole, to supervise those parts of an industry which under his proposed scheme are quite free, but which under the foregoing scheme can be subjected to any desired degree of pressure, ranging from outright compulsion to a hint dropped over luncheon.

N. B. HEWETT

155 Flaxton Road,
Plumstead, S.E.18.

THE CHURCH AND MATRIMONY

SIR,—Much might be said about Critic's comments on the Church's view of matrimony. I now ask space only for a protest against his suggestion that in this matter "the ethics of the community" steadily contradict "the Church's practices."

The Church's view is crystallised in the famous words of espousal which go back far beyond Chaucer. Since the year 1200 English brides and bridegrooms have taken each other "for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death us do part"—said in English even when the rest of the service was in Latin. Critic thinks "the ethics of the community" repudiate this teaching. A longish

experience as parish priest convinces me that, in this matter as in others, the community's "ethics" are unstable and vary with the emotion of the moment.

When officiating at a marriage I have often, in my address to the congregation, referred to the words quoted above, saying "You are witnesses to the solemn undertaking made by this bride and bridegroom. Some say this view of marriage is wrong and harmful. But if I now said to you 'This couple are not finally committed to each other. If difficulties arise—or if one finds a more suitable mate—either can start afresh with a new partner and say those words again'—you would protest indignantly." I have had much evidence of assent, none of dissent.

The truth is that, while experience after marriage of the inevitable difficulties of married life leads many to condemn the requirement of lifelong loyalty, at the actual time of marriage this requirement is accepted.

I should hesitate longer than Critic seems to do before attributing infallibility to any of these emotional variations of the "ethics of the community." My point is that in this matter the opinions of the average citizen vary widely with the emotion of the moment.

6 The Green, T. B. SCRUTTON
Woodford Green, Essex.

COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOLS

SIR,—It seems to me that the advantage gained by the *increased* responsibility of the prefects in a Comprehensive school will more than outweigh the loss of minor responsibility by some of the less able boys. The prefectorial training will at last be commensurate with that of the Public school boys with whom they have to compete in after life.

In Douglas and similar localities, where the school is a true neighbourhood school, without serious competition, there will clearly be no difficulty in securing sufficient VIth formers to do the job. In London, however, where the monster schools, built on rather cramped sites, cannot even call on the local loyalty commanded by a genuine neighbourhood school, the major problem will be to attract children of sufficient quality to be capable of acting as prefects at all!

12 Park Avenue, J. D. SOLOMON
London, S.W.14

PRISONER REPATRIATION

SIR,—The "indoctrination" of British prisoners-of-war by the Chinese was indignantly denounced by the Press, and especially loudly when it seemed likely that some of the returning prisoners had been "infected." As is well known, their subsequent statements showed that the attempt at indoctrination was short lived, and that after a few months they were left pretty well alone.

The Times of October 16 contained a remarkable dispatch from its correspondent, who was present at the first "examination" session by the Chinese and North Koreans. That only 10 out of the first 500 interviewed chose repatriation was due, he writes, to the prisoners' "adherence to the Nationalist cause *in which they had been drilled for the past three years.* (My italics). Later he refers to the "tactics" of Group leaders to prevent prisoners choosing repatriation. "*Such pressures undoubtedly exist, and today's events prove that they have been strong enough to indoctrinate the prisoners' minds over the years and to render them impervious to a few minutes of Communist persuasion.*" (My italics.)

The small number who chose repatriation is claimed, somewhat oddly, as a "vindication of the U.N. stand" on the prisoners' behalf.

It is, of course, no such thing. It is no more than a proof of the power of prolonged and persistent propaganda, organisation, and "pressure"—i.e. intimidation. It is also yet another illustration of the fact that the rightness or wrongness of an action depends solely on who does it.

26 Norham Road, J. B. BROWN
Oxford.

CRITICS OF THE PRESS

SIR,—Critic, writing of the Foyle's Literary Luncheon which marked the publication of *Publish and be Damned*, says that "the speakers included important and serious people with important and serious things to say; but though the luncheon went on until 3.45, neither Lord Beveridge nor Sir Norman Angell ever got the chance to make their speeches." As Critic correctly states, I spoke for 25 minutes. The other speakers, together with my estimate of the time they spoke, were :—

Mr. Cudlipp (20 minutes)
Mr. Shinwell (25 minutes)
Mr. Hore-Belisha (5 minutes)
Mr. Kingsley Martin (6 minutes)
Sir Norman Angell (8 minutes)

Two of these speakers, Mr. Hore-Belisha and Mr. Kingsley Martin, had not intended to speak; and Critic, who was present at the luncheon, must surely recall how Mr. Martin, when I asked if he would speak, asked for a few minutes to think it over before telling me he would like to speak for a few minutes towards the end. Equally I had some difficulty in getting Mr. Hore-Belisha to his feet.

The only reason that Lord Beveridge did not speak was that he told me he did not wish to. Mr. Paul Jennings, who had also been billed in the *Daily Mirror* as a possible speaker, indicated that he did not wish to be called. I am not aware that any "important and serious people," or even unimportant and frivolous people, who wished to speak were denied an opportunity.

Critic goes on to say that Mr. Cudlipp "retorted so effectively that he soon had the chairman on his feet." The reason that I rose and interrupted Mr. Cudlipp was not that I was impressed by the effectiveness of the speech, but because he was saying something about me which was not true. I always interrupt people who do this.

Later in his comments Critic observes: "Once we grant the premise that news is a commodity like soap or chocolate, the usual methods of salesmanship must be applied to it." Only a very illiberal and materialistic person would make this assumption; but even if it is granted, surely it is as much a duty to denounce those newspapers which purvey pornography as it would be to denounce a soap manufacturer who put on sale a brand of soap containing some poisonous irritant to the skin.

RANDOLPH S. CHURCHILL

Oving House, Aylesbury,
Bucks.

[Critic writes: "The 'important and serious people' who did not get a chance to make their speeches were Lord Beveridge and Sir Norman Angell, who proposed a vote of thanks at 3.30. I did not object to the length of Mr. Churchill's speech: on the contrary, as I suggested, I would not have missed it for £100." —ED., *N.S. & N.*]

VOCABULARY OF POLITICS

SIR,—Mr. Parsons in his second letter has retreated so far from what he said in his original attack upon my review and from what Mr. Weldon in fact says in his book that he now practically agrees with me and I with him. When now he says that "*many* people" have in the past maintained that there are "incontestable foundations" for democracy or other political institutions, of course no one would disagree with him. But Mr. Weldon goes far beyond that in his book, and it was his sweeping statements about what all (not many) political thinkers had said which I criticised in my review.

LEONARD WOOLF

SPANISH PRISONERS

SIR,—Readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will be interested to learn the sequel to the action, described recently, of the Franco authorities in refusing visas to Mrs. Leah Manning and Councillor McLuckie, who were to have travelled to Madrid to make representations on behalf of imprisoned Spanish trade unionists and democrats.

On learning of this action Mr. Maurice Orbach, M.P., together with an interpreter, Mr. George Leeson, undertook to carry out a similar mission, and left London on September 25 to spend eight days in Madrid making exhaustive inquiries.

Initial inquiries secured confirmation from responsible sources that Tomas Centeno, one of a group of Spanish Socialists arrested in February last, died as a result of inhuman police treatment during interrogation. Among three groups of arrested Spanish Socialists are: Rafael Gonzalez Gil, Alfonso Aparacio (railwayman), Martinez (railwayman), Lasa, Julian Garcia, Luis Mercado and Collado. It is feared that those associated with Tomas Centeno, among whom are Ramon Porqueras, Secretary of the P.S.O.E., C. Cortes, E. Verrier, E. Losado, E. Monros, J. Gaspa, E. Morira, J. Viladoms, J. Bea. M. Costany, will not be brought to trial because they might reveal in open court, before foreign observers, the manner of Centeno's death.

It was ascertained that a number of outstanding political prisoners, including Gregorio Lopez Raimundo, Gen. Sec. of the United Socialist Party of Catalonia, Santiago Alvarez and Sebastian Zapirain, are still held in prison despite their sentences having been completed—on the grounds that they might be likely to commit the same "offence" again if released. In the case of Raimundo, failure to give a written undertaking to abstain from future political activity is officially stated to be the reason for his continued imprisonment.

Since the return of Mr. Orbach and Mr. Leeson from Madrid, details have been received of further mass arrests of C.N.T. workers, including Cipriano Damiano Gonzalez, General Secretary, and Emilio Quinones, delegate to the C.N.T. centre abroad, against both of whom death sentences are to be demanded. Death sentence has also been passed by a Barcelona court on Wilson Battle, a Communist militant, previously tried in 1947.

In expressing the gratitude of my Association to both Mr. Orbach and Mr. Leeson for undertaking this humanitarian mission, may I make a most urgent plea for financial assistance with which to continue the work of endeavouring to save the lives and secure the liberties of Spanish democrats held by the Franco police? The sending of observers to courts-martial, missions such as here described, and above all the mobilising of the trade union and labour movement of Britain on their behalf is the surest guarantee of life and humane treatment for these heroic opponents of the Franco dictatorship.

ALEC DIGGES, *Secretary*
International Brigade Assoc.
and Friends of Republican Spain,
2 Parton Street, London, W.C.1.

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COLLINS

Books in General

In 1555 the first two of the "Oxford Martyrs"—that is, of the three distinguished Cambridge men, Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer—were burnt at the stake outside Balliol College. If Cranmer's position and temporary recantation earned him a brief delay, he emphatically expiated it by thrusting first into the fire the right hand that had testified to his timidity. The epitaph of all three was the last words of Latimer: "Be of good cheer, Master Ridley, and play the man. We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out."

What was the common quality of these three men? All were Protestant humanists. They believed, like the Catholic humanists of the previous generation—of whom they, not Rome, were the heirs—in a purified religion: a diminution of external forms and superstitions, a return to the Gospel and that inner devotion, that *Philosophia Christi*, which Erasmus, Colet and More had learnt from the unavailing Catholic reformers of Windesheim. But to this common basis of belief each added also his own personal gift. Cranmer was a scholar who sought the truth even among the violent politics in which he was compromised and misunderstood. Ridley was a controversialist, a learned disputant, the champion of Protestantism in the schools. Latimer was none of these. He was no great scholar: he knew no Greek; he took his doctrinal position from Cranmer and left disputation to Ridley. He was a preacher, and a court preacher, too. Not a fashionable court preacher, like John Donne or the great Jesuit preachers of the next century, exploring and illuminating the intimate spiritual recesses of rich patrons and great ladies, but a tribune of the people who preached his message menacingly, like Hosea or Amos, to the face of Kings. "Let the preacher never fear to declare the message of God unto all men," he once said, ". . . if he preach before a King, let his matter be concerning the office of a king; if before a bishop, then let him treat of bishoply duties. . . ." Such preaching was, of course, dangerous. Small wonder he "ever affirmed that the preaching of the Gospel would cost him his life." Small wonder that in fact, in the revolutionary politics of the sixteenth century, it did.

And what was Latimer's message? It was, of course, a religious message—all messages of that time were, at least in form, religious, and the late Dr. Darby, in his useful new biography*, shows clearly the development of his religious views. But it was also a social message. Like so many of the Reformers, Catholic and Protestant, Latimer saw the old forms of society being broken up by new economic opportunities, and he appealed to that fashionable new Leviathan, the Christian Prince, not only, in religion, to amend doctrine but also, in society, to arrest change. It was the appeal of secular humanism: not the new, radical humanism of the schools only, but the old, conservative humanism of the villages and fields from which, in Leicestershire, the historic centre of both religious dissent and agrarian trouble, he had himself sprung. In 1547, when that erratic Christian Prince, Henry VIII, who had alternately promoted and imprisoned the reformers, was dead, and a new, docile, young prince sat more attentively on his throne, Latimer, who had renounced a bishopric in order to preach the Gospel, found at last his great opportunity. Was not Protestantism now at last officially recognised as the religion of England? Was not the Regent himself, the Protector Somerset, an indulgent patron of humanism in all its forms? And did not the rural society of England, under that too tolerant ruler, cry louder than ever for the conservative protection of the State? Never was the pace of rural change brisker, or its human cost heavier, than in those years when a rapacious oligarchy, by its scramble for the spoils of power, seemed to justify Sir Thomas More's sour definition of government as "nothing but a certain conspiracy of rich men procuring their own commodities under the name and title of a Commonwealth."

Thus began the last great ministry of Hugh Latimer. Again and again in that brief period of fatal liberalism in politics and cut-throat economic scramble, he preached before the Court, the King and the Protector; and his message was always the same—it was the definition of a true Commonwealth, based upon the essential equality and dignity of man. "Peers of the realm," he told the King and his court, "must needs be"; but "the poorest ploughman is in Christ equal with the greatest prince that is." In King Henry's day he had welcomed the fall of the monasteries; but when Jervaulx Abbey had been destined for a royal stud-farm, he had protested: "abbeys were ordained for the comfort of the poor"—it was their crime that they had failed to provide it—and, therefore, though they were justly dissolved, "it was not decent that the king's horses should be kept in them" and "the living of poor men thereby minished and taken away." For the same reason he had welcomed the attack upon images, not blindly and fanatically like his unpleasing doctrinaire colleagues Knox and Hooper, but in the name of humanity: for was it not monstrous that "dead images" should be richly clad in silk garments and laden with jewels and beset by wax candles burning wastefully through the noonday,

> as who should say, here no cost can be too great; whereas in the meantime we see Christ's faithful and lively images, bought with no less price than his most precious blood (alas, alas), to be an-hungered, a-thirst, a-cold, and to lie in darkness, wrapped in all wretchedness?

Now when a more sympathetic government faced a more urgent problem, he pressed his views ever more insistently. Let the clergy preach, he declared, and preach constantly,

> for the preaching of the word of God unto the people is called meat: Scripture calleth it meat; not strawberries that come but once a year and are soon gone, but it is meat, it is no dainties—

and let them preach particularly against "covetousness," that covetousness of landlords which, he assured the King, had caused the peasant revolts of his reign.

> Speak against covetousness, and cry out upon it. Stand not ticking and toying at the branches nor at the boughs, for then there will be new boughs and branches spring again of them; but strike at the root, and fear not these giants of England, these great men and men of power, these men that are oppressors of the poor; fear them not, but strike at the root of the evil, which is mischievous covetousness . . .

Latimer, of course, was not alone; he was but one—the most outspoken indeed and the most inflammatory—of a group, that group whom their enemies hated as "the Commonwealth Men." They included his fellow-preacher Lever, who also declared that "covetous officers" of the Crown had "offended God, beguiled the King, robbed the rich, spoiled the poor, and brought a commonwealth into a common misery"; they included officials like John Hales, Clerk of the Hanaper, and Sir Thomas Smith, scholar, ambassador and secretary of state, the author of their greatest document, the *Discourse of the Common Weal*; and if they did not include, at least they influenced other conscientious officials and clergy, men like Sir Walter Mildmay, the Protector's commissioner for education, and Sir William Cecil, and Cecil's brother-in-law, King Edward's humanist tutor, Sir John Cheke, and Latimer's friend, Matthew Parker, vice-chancellor of Cambridge, who had preached to the rebellious peasants of Norfolk—almost all, like Latimer and Cranmer and Ridley, Cambridge men, those "Cambridge humanists" who, more than any others, fertilised the Tudor age in England.

It was in the brief reign of the Protector Somerset that "these men called Common Wealths and their adherents" seemed most influential. Was it not at the direct prompting of Latimer that the Protector summoned the suits of the poor to his own house—that vast house which he too had built out of the spoils of three bishoprics—and earned from his despairing colleagues the reputation of an infatuated demagogue? Was it not at the instigation of Hales and "that Commonwealth called Latimer" that he sent out those Midland enclosure commissions which, by uniting the landlords against him, precipitated his overthrow? The Protector, declared the indignant gentry, was bent on the decay of the gentlemen, for "there was never none that even spake as vilely as these called Commonwealths does." Naturally, when he was overthrown, his friends shared his fall. They disappear from the history-books as if they had been but a bright flash in a dark pan. Nevertheless, they did not disappear from history; for they had a sequel after, as they had had a beginning before, that brief, virtuous, unsuccessful government of All the Talents in Edwardine England.

For the Commonwealth Men, in their beginning, had been the disciples of that great, maligned, tyrannical, constructive minister, Thomas Cromwell. To build, out of the fabric of an old and corrupted Church, a new ministry and a new administration, new schools, new colleges, a new system of poor relief—that had been his, and their, ambition. When Cromwell had fallen, his constructive schemes had fallen too, or been suspended, and his disciples had either made their peace with the new ministers, "the giants of England," or—like Latimer—gone to prison. Under Edward VI they had reassembled and viewed again the half-built, half-ruined structure of the great minister, from which already an army of privileged robbers was carrying away, for their private houses, the crumbling stones. Encouraged by the Protector, they had set to work once again; but once again

* *Hugh Latimer*. By Harold S. Darby. *Epworth Press*. 21s.

the changing pattern of politics had soon frustrated their endeavours. In the scramble of court factions they were submerged and then, in the Marian reaction, they disappeared—this time, as it seemed, for good. What hope was there of the Reformers' Commonwealth when the old Church and the new landlords had united against them, when King Edward was dead, his two Protectors executed, and his preachers burnt? Fortunately, while there is death there is hope. Within five years Queen Mary, too, was dead, and a new generation of politicians, preachers and officials had accepted the martyrs' ideas. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth the Commonwealth Men at last achieved a more durable power. Cecil, Mildmay, Parker, Smith all returned, with the exiled Protestant clergy and the next generation of Seymours and Dudleys. And now at last the era of spoliation was over, the work of reconstruction seriously resumed: statutes of artificers and husbandry were devised, colleges and schools and almshouses founded, economy regulated, a poor law instituted—not hastily and by force, as under Cromwell, nor ineffectively, by good intentions, as under Somerset, but gradually, carefully and, within human limits, effectively, under the long rule of William Cecil, the practical heir of the Commonwealth Men. Well might Sir Thomas Smith, once again ambassador and secretary of state, supplement his tentative early dialogue, the *Discourse of the Common Weal*, by an authoritative, analytical textbook, *The Commonwealth of England*. The Commonwealth was no longer a subject of debate but of exposition: it had arrived. It was not to religion only that Latimer's last words had been applicable. The candle had been lit for society also.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

THE RETURN

After the last phantasma died,
The Lord of microscope and rule
Declared all such illusions start,
Whether of mountain, grove or pool,
Within the seedbed of the heart.
"But what of that?" the night-wind cried,
However birthed, they walk abroad,
The heart's a forest and more wide
Than any outer space, my Lord.

The last phantasma has not died,
For in a purged and measured day,
Bereft of God or fabulous beast,
The haunted has become the ghost.
As if his exorcising fire,
Illuming valley, hill and stream
But made the night of shades entire;
Within whose omnipresent dream,
Phantasmas, in their primal force,
Unlimited by tree or stone,
Assume their true hieratic course.

But still I praise that searching eye,
The needle and the glass could prove
The real stations of our love,
Abstracting from the haunted grove
Jove's eagle and the Cyprian dove.
By proving forest, fire and foam
Unghosted by chthonic power,
He made that vagrant power his own.
Beholding one ungoverned hour
Water was water, stone was stone,
He knew the boundaries had gone,
And lost in contemplation heard
Slow chords of inward music start,
The twittering of an occult bird
From the new kingdom of his heart.

THOMAS BLACKBURN

GOLLANCZISM

More for Timothy. By VICTOR GOLLANCZ. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Anyone brought up in the Thirties who hears that Gollancz was once not the name of a publisher, but of a schoolmaster out of a job, may well get the feeling of learning in a dream that the Bank of England is really a converted dance-hall. Mr. Gollancz is an institution, such an effective one that I was startled to realise that his power rests only on his own efforts, not on solid tradition. How has he done it? He continues in this volume the story which he began in *My Dear Timothy*, still told in the form of an outsize letter to his grandson. He explains here how after leaving Oxford in 1914 he got a short military training and became a classical master at Repton, how the boys' political blindness shocked him into teaching them new ideas, how his headmaster, the present Archbishop of Canterbury, sacked him for it, and how the whole experience gave him the notion of political publishing.

But the book contains a lot of other things besides this story, since he follows the method which he used in his first volume, and reports his present preoccupations as well. This brings in reflections on his life now, on Communism and capital punishment, a long dispute about religion with the ghost of Simone Weil, and a defence of his recent conversion to Pacifism. His justification for the method is that if he wants to give a complete picture of himself, he must show *how* he sees things as well as what he sees, distinguishing the spectacles of the present from the landscape of the past. On the whole I think that he is right, and that some such plum-puddingy book, full of arguments, extracts from school magazines, pages of music and little drawings was probably needed to express his complex nature.

For the book is crowded with sudden and often painful changes of mood. The gay, shrewd, pugnacious dominie, roaring with delight at a row with his headmaster, vanishes and gives place to a soul in agony, wrestling in prayer for a murderer through the night before an execution, or to that other figure (much more shadowy to me) who is supposed to reconcile them—a semi-philosophical mystic, intent on the harmony of the universe. Mr. Gollancz has always contained the first two men, and the constant tension between them seems to be the secret of his success. He refuses to give up either window on reality. Some of the most impressive parts of this book deal with that sympathy for the victims of war and oppression which is the root of his political activities. He can respond deeply to their sufferings without hysteria, can direct his pity to action and his anger to the people who deserve it, because his highly Jewish scepticism stops him wasting energy in neurotic friction and idle noises. On poverty, capital punishment and prisons therefore he is excellent.

On war, I must say I find him less convincing, simply because he, no more than anybody else, has the equipment to weigh up the enormous issues it raises. His pacifism, as he expresses it, seems like another swing in the pendulum present in all of us between the horror of fighting and the horror of not fighting. Because of Korea, the horror of fighting now predominates, and other grounds for it are naturally easy to find. But if the main sins on our national conscience were now, as they were in the Thirties, apparently due to *not* fighting, it seems to me that Mr. Gollancz's arguments would have to tell the other way. For the more forceful of them all spring from a deep determination that people shall not suffer, and it is plainly still an open question whether other things do not sometimes make them suffer more than war.

Beyond that lie arguments drawn from his religion, a rather pantheistic, impersonal and undogmatic Christianity. When I say that these are weaker, I don't mean that they don't convince him. But they have been arrived at after the main lines of his character were formed; they are not native to him, and he cannot make them so clear or drive them home with the same confidence. Nor is it quite clear-headed of him to claim that his views are the central Christian tradition, while supporting them by quotations from suspect characters like Eckhart and Origen. What can it matter if (as is certainly the truth) they are mildly heretical? There is altogether too much reliance on quotation here. But it is different at once where, in the argument with Simone Weil, he touches on the religious significance of human suffering. She was in a certain sense fashionably in favour of it. Mr. Gollancz is against, and he knows what he is talking about.

The story of his teaching experiment is fascinating. It is obvious that he achieved wonderful things, that he is a born teacher and moreover a born learner, who was able to carry over all that his year at Repton taught him and digest it into a greater plan for educating the rest of us. Yet there is one thing which makes me wish they hadn't sacked him quite so soon. He sings a pean here for Political Education—civics, current events, comparative religion, social studies and all the rest of it. Now it is plain that at Repton he was able to make these things the spear-point of a general intellectual awakening. What I think he would have found if he had stayed in the business is (*a*) that any other spear-point will do, provided that a teacher of his calibre believes in it, and (*b*) the adolescents who excel at these things are simply those who have a precocious ability for talking about things they have not experienced. This will be largely those whose imagery is naturally verbal, and the system inclines to put a premium on the power to talk the hind leg off a donkey. But this is carping. It is a book that makes one argue.

MARY SUTTON

The Arts Council's prize of £225 for a book of original verse published since January 1951 has been awarded to Kathleen Raine for *The Year One*; and the prize of £225 for a first book of verse published in the same period has gone to Elizabeth Jennings for *Poems*.

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Chatto & Windus

THE POLITICS OF MEDICINE

Social Medicine. By S. Leff. *Routledge.* 28*s.*

What is the chief cause of disease and mortality in British Guiana? Or in Kenya or Malaya? The difficulty, or rather the ease, of answering these questions is the measure of the difficulty of writing a textbook of social medicine in a society where it is traditional that the scientist ought to give one kind of answer and the politician another. The temptations are evident—one can talk about the genetic predisposition of the African or the Guianese to tuberculosis and leave it at that. One can, on the other hand, make a political speech and leave it at that. The essence of the problem which confronts not only authors of textbooks but medical biologists as human beings is that neither approach in itself is sufficient.

The cause of tuberculosis is the tubercle bacillus. It is also genetic predisposition, variation in racial and communal immunity, diet, housing, and the cold war. It is true that science is everywhere in collision with politics, or rather, with the form and attitudes of societies. "Politics" is not enough. It closely resembles that other insufficient, patriotism, in being uncritical—Marxism can cause diseases as well as Capitalism. The point is reached at which science, the traditionally neutralist, humane and sceptical science of medicine in particular, *has* to comment still dispassionately and on a basis of observation and experiment, upon the form of society, upon the psychopathology of its rulers and customs, and upon the changes which it must undergo, if we are to go any further in curing disease. In many illnesses, we can go no further, because society will not let us. The life-table in our own culture is almost rectangular—relatively few die under 50. The life table in Malaya is like that of small mammals in the wild state. If that is politics, then politics is a component of public health.

Dr. Leff has done his work so well that it will satisfy nobody—except those genuinely concerned with bettering human conditions. On the straight "medical" material it is a storehouse of references—on industrial hygiene, housing, relative incidences and mortalities of diseases. One can learn from it that in 1939 the infant death rate in the lowest social class rating in England and Wales was still more than double that of the highest (the gap is probably closing) while the infant mortality rate for Scotland was 56 to London's 32 (per 1,000 live births). One can follow the changes in our nutritional standard of living since the war. One can also learn that one-fifth of the world's population lives in countries where the mean expectation of life at birth is 63 years, and two-thirds in countries where it is 30 years, and where there are 1.7 doctors per million patients. In the background, and without any preaching, we are kept aware of the true situation of public health—a little island of privileged societies in a substantial sea of avoidable death and misery. In this light, even Glasgow has something of the look of pre-revolutionary Versailles.

Dr. Leff neither moralises nor takes cover. He treats the neo-Malthusian objection to health services in Asia perfectly seriously, but with just that touch of scorn which its inhumane and rather "un-English" character demands. His critique of the solipsism of much psychiatry, *vis-à-vis* society, is equally serious and equally forthright. His section on the biology of senescence would have profited from some preliminary study of the subject. Elephants do not live 100 years, and he was rash to embark on a discussion of Bogomoletz and "connective tissue" sera. The low incidence of mental disorders in Russia, due to "high morale" among its citizens, has been cited before—as an observation it is probably correct, but I would have welcomed a little more examination of the psychopathological equivalence of ideologies and the role of mental disorder in governments, as well as of the nature of "high morale." Perhaps this, though I think it will prove the key question in applying medicine to society, is outside Dr. Leff's scope, though in dealing with war he does not appear to think so. I suggest that his section on atomic warfare, which is both accurate and restrained, might profitably be passed round among the good neighbours at any Civil Defence course its readers happen to attend. The same chapter contains the late Professor Ryle's remarks on the responsibility of doctors in relation to germ warfare; which contrasts rather sharply with the if's and but's of some of its contemporary exponents:

> If it be true that any medical scientists have been involved in any such *ad hoc* research, then I can only say that, in my view, they should be considered to have broken faith with all that is best in the ethical code of a profession which, through centuries, has been devoted to the saving of life and limb, not to their destruction.

The medical and political realities with which this book deals make all the "threats to our way of life," all the "menaces" of this, that and the other, on meeting which we squander our substance at the behest of paranoiacs and interested parties, seem like the tales of Mother Goose—which, by contrast, they are.

Alex Comfort

OCCASIONS AND MYTHS

Poems, 1953. By Robert Graves. *Cassell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A Mask for Janus. By W. S. Merwin. *Oxford: Yale University Press.* 16*s.*

The Ermine. By Ruth Pitter. *Cresset.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Net and the Sword. By Douglas le Pan. *Chatto & Windus.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Both Mr. Graves and his blurb-writer are becoming skittish. It seems superfluous for the publishers to inform us on a dust-jacket that an author is "not queer," and Mr. Graves's own little foreword, about a foreword's not being really necessary, is ponderously facetious, too. He is one of the six, possibly one of the three, best living poets writing in English, and this heigh-ho-my-jolly-boys mode of presentation does him a disservice. One is doing him a disservice also, I think, if in reviewing him one is mainly anxious to show that one has read *The White Goddess.* It is never a poem's intended symbolism that makes it a success or a failure. It is the way words and feelings shape, or fail to shape, round the symbolism—the symbolism in itself is like a thread dropped in a jar round which crystals may or may not form. The unstable fluid in the jar is the poet's temperament and the crystallising factors in Mr. Graves's temperament are self-division and irony. Thus it is not very important that the first poem in this volume should be addressed to Calliope, the Muse of epic poetry and eloquence; or it is important only in relation to the facts that Mr. Graves eschews eloquence and does not write epic poems. The poem embodies and unifies Mr. Graves's divided feelings about his own work, about the

> devil of verse
> Who caught me young, ingenuous and uncouth,
> Prompting me how
> To evade the patent clumsiness of truth—
> Which I do now.

This is the paradox of the Cretan liar; either he is not really "evading the patent clumsiness of truth," but attempting to persuade us that he is (and so lying after all), or he is really evading it but admitting that he is (and so telling the truth after all). Because the poem in one sense cannot go right (cannot tell the whole flat truth about a situation), in another sense it cannot go wrong (cannot avoid betraying the truth by its tone of ironic evasion).

The poems all need this sort of close attention. Let me quote the shortest, which is packed like an epigram of Catullus:

> Julia: how Irishly you sacrifice
> Love to pity, pity to ill-humour,
> Yourself to love, still haggling at the price.

It has the shape of a ring; one goes back from the end to the beginning, finally grasping the essence of a character which a novelist could convey only indirectly by anecdotes. Yet all the ironies, the sophistications, the melancholy forebodings in these poems are like a sevenfold gate to protect the passion at the centre. *Dialogue on the Headland* is perhaps a key-poem for this. He and She have to remember and anticipate the worst (the skies falling, the seas turning to slime, separation and betrayal, estranging jealousy) to give the proper ring of confidence to his phrase, "whatever happens," of confidence and despair to her:

> You'll not forget me—ever, ever, ever?

The philosophy behind it all, I suppose, is a kind of dualism or gnosticism, but in either case heretical according to Christian ideas. The bad has to look as if it might be ultimately triumphant, if we are to embrace the good, passionate love with sufficient purity; or the good has to be so certainly ultimately triumphant that we can allow the bad full play, since it is illusion. It is not a philosophy I should like to live by, but in Mr. Graves's case, and others, it certainly seems to nourish excellent poetry.

Mr. Merwin, a young American poet, dedicates one of his poems to Mr. Graves, and has learned something from him, I think. Mr. Auden, introducing him, points out that he exemplifies a recent tendency (Mr. Graves himself, Dr. Muir, Miss Raine are other examples) of poets to turn away from occasional subjects to myth. Mr. Auden, though himself such an excellent occasional poet, thinks this is a good thing. His reasons are a little ambivalent. Young poets, he says, are likely to make fools of themselves if they speak in their own persons, and it is safer to treat themes like the "collapse of a civilisation" in terms, say, of the Deluge, than in terms of contemporary events about whose significance one might be wrong. This looks like a recipe for evasiveness; not the ironic and therefore ultimately self-revealing evasiveness of Mr. Graves, but evasiveness *tout court*. And Mr. Merwin, in fact, has verbal opulence, but one sometimes feels it would be rude to probe for a prose sense:

> So, with talk, like a blather of rain, begun,
> Weather will break and the *artful* world will rush
> Incontinent. . . .
> The monstrous fixities of innocence. . . .
> But a *flutter* of speech down an *expense* of wind. . . .
> Makes assignations with the olive tree. . . .

I don't understand how "artful" applies in the first of these quotations, and think it may have been arrived at by a principle which Mr. Lawrence Durrell once described to me as the "mutation of the adjective"; the obvious adjective here would be something like "frightened" or "bewildered," and by choosing one with a sense as far as possible from the obvious you get an interesting though perhaps finally opaque effect. Similarly, I have no notion of what "the monstrous fixities of innocence" are, but it is a packed, impressive line. I think I see how "expense" was arrived at in the third quotation; the obvious word was an "expanse" of wind, but what is expanded (in this context) is also expended, and the Shakespearean syntax of the line—"expense of spirit in a waste of shame"—made "expense" inevitable. In the last quotation, on the other hand, the dove that left the Ark is neatly used, as by Picasso, as a peace symbol. Yet I feel that Mr. Merwin's credit-account of words has more cash in it than his deposit-account of meanings; but few young English poets have so much verbal spending-money and some I admire (Mr. Wain, Mr. Amis, Mr. Gunn and others) are so worried about meanings that words for them tend to become old and worn not new bright coins, with medallion faces. If only to remind ourselves that words are sensuous objects, we should buy this book.

Miss Pitter's language, like Mr. Merwin's, is consciously "poetic," though in a more old-fashioned way. There are "sphery monstrances" and "Arabian suns" and "grape-coloured shadows" and indeed lots of Keatsian colour-epithets like "dying-dolphin green." There are also inversions like "vapours dim" and "nettles strong." I enjoy her style very much when it is used humorously, as in her poems about cats, but reading her serious poetry I have to be making a constant effort of adjustment. When I have made

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LONGMANS

it I find that what look like over-decorative epithets often record precise observation :

> With purple-black and green-black wings outspread,
> And sideways turned, wise-looking, iron-grey head,
> Stiff as a wooden bird, a daw lies dead.

" Stiff as a wooden bird " is magnificent, and the poems generally (to a reader of my generation, with my prejudices about diction) are more taking on a patient second reading than on an alarmed first one. Mr. Douglas le Pan's poems have also a diction that draws attention to itself, but more in Mr. Merwin's way than Miss Pitter's : you would mark him down a peg or so from Mr. Merwin on diction because he has numerous clichés : " chiselled . . . hard as sculpture," " his bare Inflexible, dark frown," " Pride's intellectual empire," " the heart's deep catacombs," and so on. But then you might mark him up a peg or two on subject-matter because his poems, unlike Mr. Merwin's, are always clearly " about " something. They are transformed recollections, mainly, of the Italian campaign. They have not the immediate impact of, for instance, Hamish Henderson's *Elegies for the Dead in Cyrenaica*, because what interests Mr. le Pan is mainly the moments of lull, before anything has " happened " or after everything has " happened " :

> It was an autumn solstice
> Where we lay forgotten to play with children
> Discussing with the farmer crops and legends. . . .
> On the splattered battlefield,
> As the stranger vanishes, the infinity
> Of finite solitudes resume their vigil. . . .

Perhaps one might say that recollection, in these sincere and dignified poems, has transformed the " occasions " of war to " myth " in Mr. Auden's sense. But even this kind of myth of simplifying memory needs to be retransformed, in its apprehension and application, back into an " occasion " again (I think on the whole Mr. le Pan does this). That is the qualification Mr. Auden's statement needs : a myth *in itself*, not absorbed into particular experience, is as abstract and unrelated as a word in a dictionary.

G. S. FRASER

THE CONFIDANT

A Blessed Girl : Memoirs of a Victorian Girlhood, 1887-1896. By LADY EMILY LUTYENS. *Hart-Davis.* 21*s.*

These letters—" the entire confidence of a somewhat passionate nature "—are written by a girl between thirteen and twenty-three to an elderly clergyman. You may see the author on page 7 ; she is the youngest of the three sisters in the painting : charming little girls with clear English faces, long fair hair, large eyes, wilful mouths. One sister will be a noted Suffragette ; the other, married to a Balfour, a society hostess. Their father is Lord Lytton, at this time Viceroy of India ; he is also the poet Owen Meredith. The clergyman is a family friend, the Reverend Whitworth Elwin (1816–1900), editor, after Lockhart, of the *Quarterly Review* ; now Rector of a Norfolk village. He is fifty-eight years older than Lady Emily, and she is the last of a series of " blessed girls " of whom he has been the confidant.

One must admire the skill with which the Rev., as he was always called, maintained for so many years in her life this exacting and delicate role. Neither the manner of Lord Chesterfield nor the mood of Lewis Carroll—and there is something of both in his letters—could have in itself a really enduring appeal. But we can soon perceive that if he is Mentor, he is also in his ponderous way a fellow conspirator, bold but selective in criticising ; liberal in encouragement and praise. Nothing shocks his Rev.; no topic makes him quail ; irreverence positively delights him. His reminders are few that this outlying sheep is not his sole parochial care. And it says much for Lady Emily's own quality that, with all the intolerant and intolerable prepossessions of her years, she attracts either our interest or our sympathy, and sometimes both : when she is reflecting, for instance, that " a child's life is, as a rule, a life of misery and despair," championing a seduced maidservant, declaring that she is " too stupid to be a ' Soul' " and glad of it ; despising her mother's laments about poverty, her brothers' complaints about food, and expressing her hatred for house-parties, golf, intellectual games, and relatives : " I suppose most people think their relations tiresome, but I am sure mine are a specially awful lot. I could tell a cousin anywhere, for prig and bore are written in every line of their face."

Still, we are conscious of a curious lack of occupation in the lives of young girls of good family. When she started to learn botany, at her sister's suggestion, her only other activity was the writing of a daily letter to his Rev. But the background of country-houses, garden parties, drawing rooms and dinner-tables, with bishops and Balfours, dowagers, Ministers and " Souls " for company, provides a picture of sometimes startling liveliness. If, as we turn the pages, a faint persistent memory is stirred, it may be that of Mr. Salteena : for is this not the world of which he stood so hopefully on the edge ? But Emmie, passionate defender of the ruined housemaid though she was, had no use for anyone who was not quite a gentleman. It is an expression she employed herself of Mr. Asquith, and by implication of Mr. Gladstone, and also of Henry Irving, whom she had just seen as Wolsey in *Henry VIII*. " There was not one actor or actress in it," she added, " that either spoke or looked like an educated person, much less a nobleman." " How, if you cannot enjoy Dickens because of the vulgarity, you can enjoy Rudyard Kipling," she wrote of her mother's reading, " is more than I can understand." (His Rev., as usual, joyfully concurred, contributing such observations as : " It was not a dignified employment for Lady Clara Vere de Vere to be carrying on a flirtation with a small farmer, but he must have been a conceited idiot to imagine that she was in earnest.") But then she regarded the old Queen as the only member of the Royal Family who did not look or behave " like a dreadfully vulgar shopkeeper." No wonder that her sister Con's taking to journalism during the family's hard times was more shocking to Emily than any moral lapse. His Rev., rather oddly, shares in her views on book reviewing. " As you justly remark," he notes,

> darning is exempt from the objection of interfering with thought and sociality. I value very much these light mechanical pursuits. They have an interest of their own, and help the mind instead of degrading it.

Emily was seventeen when she first visited the Blunts at Crabbet Park—a strange and horse-crazed household, whose mistress, the eccentric Lady Anne, Byron's granddaughter, would call in a vet instead of a doctor ; and whose handsome, satanic master, then a man in his fifties, lost no time in assailing the affections of his youthful guest. He presented her with eastern dress materials ; compared her to Blake (the Admiral, not the poet) ; wrote her poems ; gave her a ring ; gazed at her (in company) with what might be called speaking looks ; gave her (when alone) " a very hot embrace " ; asked ' Emily, might I come and see you in your room ? ' (" I replied, ' Certainly not ! ' indignantly . . . His remark could have only one meaning.") There was an occasion, too, when he tried the handle of her door at night. It was, as it happened, locked.

Alas, all would have been simple if she had not found the attraction of his company so hard to resist. The letters fly busily to his Rev., ever more urgent, analytic and beseeching. The scene has moved from Daisy Ashford to *Pamela*. How is virtue faring today ? one asks. Still holding the field, but with difficulty. The Rev.'s position must have been unusually trying over the three years of this sinister courtship ; the more so because the good angel of the morality, having the more negative programme to offer, is always at a slight disadvantage. Nevertheless, Emmie's own running analysis of the situation, and of the different kinds of love that are involved, impress us, for it is as percipient as it is disarming.

But thereafter, when the story begins at last to run in more conventional channels, when Emmie decides to do " social work " in Bethnal Green and we find her somehow bicycling with young Mr. Ned Lutyens instead, the force of the correspondence begins to fail. Mr. Elwin, shrewd, sentimental, and slightly subversive to the last, but also a little fatigued, lives long enough to baptise her oldest child, and dies, by a piece of ironic timing, at the exact point where the nineteenth and twentieth centuries meet. The first of these centuries was too self-conscious about morals, the second is too much so about motives, to admit to many such friendships. Even without its humour and its circumstance, it is, we may reflect, as the record of an eighteenth-century relationship in a late-Victorian setting that this book seems so extraordinary a document.

NAOMI LEWIS

A GREAT DRY DEVIL

The Marshal Duke of Berwick. By SIR CHARLES PETRIE. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 25*s.*

" *Cet homme a toujours été heureux* " was old Marshal Villars's comment on hearing that the Duke of Berwick had had his head carried away by a cannon-ball at the siege of Philipsburg. Perhaps one needs to be a professional soldier to appreciate to the full the bliss of being killed in action. Otherwise, however, the epitaph was appropriate : throughout the 64 years of his life Berwick had prospered in all his undertakings. From his mother Arabella Churchill, Marlborough's sister, he inherited military genius, which the misfortunes befalling his father, James II, gave him the opportunity to display. Even his bastard origin was of service to him, for it enabled him to give up English nationality and join the French army with paternal blessing. Thus it was in the service of his adopted country rather than in the Jacobite cause that he won his victories, including the battle of Almanza, one of the so-called decisive battles of the world. Berwick was fortunate in other ways besides his soldiering. His domestic life was serene ; he married twice, each time for love, and had no complaints to make of his children. He enjoyed the friendship of Montesquieu : and he kept out of politics.

An intriguing Queen of Spain once called Berwick in despair " the great dry devil of an Englishman who always goes his own way." Sir Charles Petrie in this full-length biography expands but hardly improves on that description. The new documents and letters which have recently come to light in the archives of the late Duke of Alba, Berwick's lineal descendant, provide further evidence about Jacobite plots to invade England in which he took a hand, but nothing to change our opinion of the man's character. He was the Jacobite military expert, always ready to give professional advice but never over-enthusiastic about the cause itself ; and on the occasion of the 1715 rising, when the Old Pretender asked his half-brother to take over the command, Berwick went his own way and refused. For one thing he had not been consulted about the plans in advance and thought the expedition bound to fail ; for another, and that the most cogent reason, he regarded himself as a French subject and in duty bound to obey the Regent, who forbade him to go. As a Marshal of France, he said, he could not desert like a trooper. Jacobites have always blamed Berwick for this refusal, fancying that the outcome of the Fifteen might have been different had he been in command. But Berwick himself never suffered from misgivings, as a letter among the Alba manuscripts reveals. Sir Charles Petrie has also discovered from another letter that the ensuing quarrel between the two half-brothers lasted until 1727, when all was forgotten and forgiven.

As a general Berwick resembles Wellington—another dry devil of an Englishman who went his own way. He preferred defence to attack and

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liked to achieve his object by manoeuvre rather than battle. Like all great generals he never trusted to luck but was quick to realise when the luck was with him. At Almanza, described by Frederick the Great as the most scientific battle of the century, Sir Charles Petrie awards the palm to Berwick for his strategy beforehand and his tactics during the fight, but hardly stresses enough the odd little combination of circumstances which offered the chance of a crushing victory. Berwick was waiting for the Duke of Orleans to arrive from France with reinforcements before giving battle. The reinforcements arrived safely, but the Duke of Orleans was detained in Madrid by eighteenth-century punctilio; he was obliged to pay a state visit to his cousin the King of Spain on his way to the front. Berwick, equally bound by punctilio, continued to wait for his royal colleague, although his army was now greatly superior to that of the enemy. On the other side the Anglo-Portuguese army advancing under the Earl of Galway, was misled by this polite inactivity into thinking that the reinforcements had not yet come up; they hurried forward only to find themselves hopelessly outnumbered on the field of battle.

Sir Charles Petrie is an experienced historian and biographer who has made a special study of the Jacobite movement. The lack of any bibliography in the present volume is therefore all the more surprising. As far as one may judge, however, apart from the Alba manuscripts the author is indebted to Berwick's own *Memoirs*, published 200 years ago, for most of his facts. A further defect in the book is the proof-correcting. Far too many misprints survive, and the French quotations, where English printers nowadays are very liable to slip and therefore where particular care is needed, are some of the worst sufferers.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGI-COMEDY

Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure." By MARY LASCELLES. *Athlone Press.* 15*s.*

The framework of *Measure for Measure* is comedy; but commentators have hitherto agreed that thrust with perfunctory violence into this frame is something not comic at all but (here they differ) satire, or tragedy, or philosophical allegory. Miss Lascelles maintains that this material is comic, comic enough to sustain its side of the hyphen in "tragi-comedy." Shakespeare's plot, she argues, was enough of a stereotype for Elizabethans to realise, sooner than we do, the happy ending in sight; for, in books they knew, the ruler who appointed a deputy often spied on him incognito and very often put things right in the nick of time—Elizabethans would foresee this pattern as one of the possibilities, right from the first scene. Moreover Elizabethans would expect this comic plot to sustain reflections on the nature of political authority, delegated authority, and the connection between justice and mercy. Having established this, Miss Lascelles can cut in between those older critics who thought the play a sorry muddle, and the later ones who think it no muddle at all if rightly taken (*e.g.* as near-allegory, the Duke playing Providence, which makes it the most "Christian" of the plays).

Further, the play is comic because it satisfies an Elizabethan appetite we have lost, for sheer contrivance. If contrivance was ingenious, the more patent it was the better. The *dénouement* is patently contrived. But this which offends us would delight not only the first audience but conceivably, at this stage of his development, the playwright. The more arbitrary his symmetrical arrangements, the more insolently masterful he, the magician, appears. And if Prospero the magician is somehow an analogue of his maker, the dramatist, so is that masterful contriver in this play, the Duke—with this difference, that the Duke does not feel with his creatures as Prospero was to do, and as the dramatist was to do (but only after his tragic phase).

These ideas, the last one at any rate very exciting, are not to be extricated except at some pains. Miss Lascelles makes the explicit and quite fair demand that her book be read slowly; but if progress is slow, it is not leisurely. Rather the effect is of a Jamesian expansiveness that, for all it seems superfluous, can never be retrenched. Having to demolish an argument, for instance, Miss Lascelles walks round and round until it wobbles ever so slightly to her tread; then she moves on and leaves us to give the final push. Altogether, it is no good being impatient; there is no snap-answer here for the student in his examination, or the lecturer in his class. And others besides those who want a short-cut may complain that the author goes too far in her unwillingness to deliver a slick formula. But they will be wrong. Miss Lascelles has points to make, yet her book is not argumentative; nor is it, in any customary sense, analysis. It is something altogether closer to the lived-through experience of growing comprehension as we read, re-read and ponder Shakespeare's play. Besides, Miss Lascelles can be blunt enough, as when she defends the Folio against the New Cambridge editors, or insists the play is comedy, not satire—"The persons of comedy have lives of their own, and a relish of them: it is not a question of whether we like Pompey, but of whether Pompey likes himself." It is in things like this, thrown out by the way, rather than in the deposit left at the end, that we find what Miss Lascelles has to offer. I think she has written a very remarkable book.

DONALD DAVIE

PUDDING-EATERS

Sam Brooke's Journal. The Diary of a Lancing Schoolboy, 1860-1865. 12*s.* 6*d.*

This absorbing diary has been rescued from obscurity in Oxford by Mr. Peter Hadley and is now published in aid of The Friends of Lancing Chapel. Samuel Roebuck Brooke began his diary in 1860 when he was approaching sixteen and its five years include three years of his life as a scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

An 1864 photograph shows an intellectual, serious, mature and rather humourless face, a face whose possessor you might consider unsuited to public school life in the last century. You would be right. Brooke was laughed at for his jacket and turn-down collars, his keys were "bagged," he was ordered to grease his hair: even a letter from Aunt Sophy "got dreadfully torn by Slocock." Either an apple-pie or a black cat awaited him when he got into bed, and when he knelt in prayer by it "considerable irreverence was displayed." At Oxford itself one was hardly safe, "smugs" being ducked in the Christ Church fountain, and the door of Saintsbury's rooms in Merton being screwed up during the Friday tea for Churchmen (offenders rusticated). However, University life was jollier than school, with the excitement of one's first breakfast party (omelettes, chicken, hare, soles, beefsteaks), one's spacious rooms ("I have every reason to believe they are free from mice"), boat trips to Sandford for the egg-flip, and the buildings illuminated to celebrate a royal marriage ("Brasenose and Balliol . . . as meagre as was consistent.")

Prominent among the school bullies is an R. W. Papineau. To escape this fiend in human shape, Brooke darts now behind a blackboard, now behind a haystack. It is Papineau (ma.) who suggests that Brooke be hanged ("startling proposition"), who tries to buy his cricket bat for 3*s.* 6*d.* and who threatens Brooke with a stick for cutting compulsory football ("highly unsavoury to my feelings"). Even when he plays, our diarist is soon in hot water for a listless performance in the field (after sampling bathing and the Velocipede, he comes out strongly in favour of croquet). Papineau enlivens the breakfast table with epithets directed at poor Sam ("wretchedly unpleasant") and wins both the Putting the Stone and hundred yards. His University career is brief. Said to be deeply in debt, this "slick and quasi-captivating" person is reported to have "embarked during the Christmas Vacation upon a merchant-vessel and has not been heard of since."

It must not be thought that all Brooke's school experiences were unhappy. Though struggling with an alarming daily stint of dead languages, he took pleasure in literary composition, writing "The Graveyard," "Despair" (blank verse), "The Weeping Maid of Greece" and "The River-death." Poor health was not uncongenial to his introspective mind: supplies of pills, lozenges, quinine and rhubarb magnesia ("not very pleasant") were ever at the ready to ward off "unseemly blotches" on the face and spasms at breakfast. There were stimulating disasters on which to brood: the collapse of a spire at Chichester, workmen tumbling off a scaffold, and the lethal crushing of a boy at another school beneath the cricket roller. There were his accounts to be diligently kept; they include expenditure on Bass' ale, shrimps, pickles, a thermometer, and, alas, "Lent to R. W. Papineau 6*d.*" There was his almost morbid fondness for blackberries (Hogarth and Woods (mi.) wolfed nightshade berries instead and were only saved from extinction by Mr. Hore's emetics). There were chats with H. Popham in the drawing-room, evenings when H. Popham played upon the flute, and days when one felt quite spent and just "stayed in and did precious little." And there were resignation and an unusually mature understanding of his contemporaries which possibly made his trials easier to bear. "There are exhaustive divisions of boys and when you have divided the race into sentimental, frolicsome, religious, muscular, vicious and pudding-eating, you have done all you can do."

A mystery remains. In September, 1865, with Brooke still at Oxford, the diary suddenly stops in mid-sentence, never to be continued. What can have broken so permanently the remarkable flow? Is it possible that R. W. Papineau had not gone to sea after all and was at that moment observed stealing silently across the mouse-free room, croquet mallet in hand?

ARTHUR MARSHALL

NEW NOVELS

The Year of the Lion. By GERALD HANLEY. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Lying Days. By NADINE GORDIMER. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Hurry on Down. By JOHN WAIN. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Lebanon Paradise. By EDWARD ATIYAH. *Peter Davies.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Too many good novels! Hardly a condition reviewers of current fiction commonly suffer from, but here it is this week: four novels, every one of which is worth writing home about and to every one of which on a normal occasion one would devote at least half one's reviewing space. They all bristle with interest, and three of them not only for what is achieved in them but also for the promise implicit in the achievements. *The Year of the Lion* is a second novel, *The Lying Days* and *Hurry On Down* are first novels; they have all the signs of being really important beginnings. Mr. Hanley's first book, which I missed, was highly praised. That novel, like his new one, was set in Africa; *The Year of the Lion* recounts a very young man's initiation into the settler's life in Central Africa during the Thirties. It is a novel over which the future casts its shadow; ahead lie the urbanised Negro proletariat and Mau Mau, and they were plainly in Mr. Hanley's mind when writing. Seeing African warriors for the first time, Jervis, we are told,

> joined that band of white men which would never again be sure whether it wanted an Africa of literates and progress—people geared to the wheels of the West, or like this one before him in its tribal prime, laughing, in touch with and understanding the Africa of the forest, and beast, and still safe in the background of their tribal world of discipline and strange freedoms.

The Year of the Lion is, in a sense, a novel about a spell, the spell of Africa; all the characters—excellently and generously rendered in bold outline—are caught in its grip, and all are nostalgic for a simpler past. Yet the life Mr. Hanley describes is still at the heroic "frontier" level;

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WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

to farm means not only to raise crops but also to spend long days and nights hunting man-eating lions. Indeed, it is Jervis's part in the final killing of a man-eater that concludes his initiation into Africa. Mr. Hanley writes of violent action, of the battle between the lion and the men closing in on him, superbly. One feels that he has caught absolutely the truth of life in the setting he has chosen at a specific time; his descriptions of the scene can be compared only with Colonel Van Der Post in *Venture to the Interior*, and he is not at all overwhelmed by the comparison.

Miss Gordimer also writes of Africa, but the Africa of Johannesburg and the mining towns of the Rand. *The Lying Days* seems to me the best novel of this milieu for a very long time. Though there have been many good novels from South Africa during the last years, inasmuch as their main subject has been the colour problem, they have all been implicit in William Plomer's magnificent short story *Ula Masonda*, now more than twenty years old. But the colour problem is only part of Miss Gordimer's theme, which is essentially that of a young woman's growing up and discovering what for her constitutes reality. Miss Gordimer has a sensibility and the art of expressing it in beautifully vivid images which recall Miss Elizabeth Bowen at her best—and, like Miss Bowen, perhaps she ought to watch her syntax a little carefully, since her sentences sometimes strain with the weight of thought and observation packed into them. But along with her sensibility, she has the power of critical reflection upon what she has felt. I put it this way because she has written her novel in the first person. To read it is to grow up in South Africa at the present day in the company of a very distinguished mind eager for experience but resolute to separate the false from the true.

Mr. Wain's novel is an exercise in the picaresque. Charles Lumley, the possessor of a mediocre degree in history and an obsession to avoid the phoney in his life, becomes in turn a window-cleaner, a driver of motor-cars for export, a dope smuggler, a hospital orderly, a chauffeur, a chucker-out in a night club and a gag-man for radio shows. As he reflects:

> As ever, the serious point had emerged through the machinery of the ludicrous. His life was a dialogue, full of deep and tragic truths, expressed in hoarse shouts by red-nosed music-hall comics.

The picaresque, for Mr. Wain, is essentially the comic and the satiric; and Mr. Wain, in his grim and gritty and tough-minded way, can be very funny indeed. One has the feeling that here, with luck, a real satirist may be seen in the making, for Mr. Wain has the true churlish, curmudgeonly, denigrating attitude towards human nature and institutions of a writer like Smollett, and how refreshing it is. A satirist's best friend is his paranoia; it is at once his stock-in-trade and his driving force; and one hopes fervently that Mr. Wain will cherish and coddle his with loving care.

I don't see in Mr. Atiyah's novel the promise of future development which is quite clearly visible in the other novels reviewed here. All the same, *Lebanon Paradise* is a very intelligent and attractive work, with an undercurrent of partisanship for the Arabs in their struggle with the Jews that never becomes propaganda because of Mr. Atiyah's implicit criticism of his people. The criticism comes out partly in his juxtaposition of life in a luxury hotel in the Lebanon with the misery and suffering of life in a refugee camp near Beirut. The two are linked together through the person of the heroine Violette, a wealthy young Lebanese girl from Cairo who, it seems uniquely in her milieu, is moved to become a voluntary worker in the camp. Mr. Atiyah writes well, with a pleasant satirical wit, and without undue indignation deftly exposes Lebanese corruption. His novel is likely to be the more effective for its civilised tone. The last part of it, I felt, rather let the whole down: Mr. Atiyah has to call in gratuitous violence to resolve his plot. But the sub-plot, an illicit love affair between a doctor and Moslem woman out of the veil for the first time, is handled movingly and with great restraint.

WALTER ALLEN

SHORTER REVIEWS

Soviet Documents on Foreign Policy 1917-1941. Selected and Edited by JANE DEGRAS. Vol. III 1933-1941. *Oxford.* 42*s.*

Chatham House has done a most useful service in arranging for the publication of the volumes on Soviet foreign policy, of which this is the last. The documents are all drawn from the common stock of knowledge, but it makes a new impression to have them brought together. The present volume runs from the accession of Hitler, when the Soviet Union was still an isolated and revisionist Power, to the outbreak of the Russo-German war, which ended by making the Soviet Union dominant in half the world. Though Stalin may have been wise, he certainly did not foresee this outcome; nor did anyone else. The reader, with faint recollections of the Thirties still in his head, will expect admirable speeches from Litvinov. It comes with more of a surprise to find Molotov prosing away from the beginning with all his present flatness. Stalin, too, seems to have possessed his antiphonic style of political analysis fully developed from the moment when American pressmen first asked him questions. A good deal of this volume is very boring, as collections of documents always are. But it gives a striking impression of the continuity and limitations of Soviet foreign policy. The editing is beyond praise.

Living Music. By CARL NIELSEN. Translated by REGINALD SPINK. *Hutchinson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Carl Nielsen, in his music and in his autobiography, *My Childhood on Funen*, has left a remarkable and fascinating record of his personality. His writings about music—like so many composers' pronouncements—are less interesting. In fact the value of *Living Music* lies solely in the few, slanting lights which are cast on Nielsen's own character, particularly in two passages: the lilting lyrical pages about the island of Funen, "where the bees hum in a way of their own, with a special Funen accent" (the memory of this childhood paradise was a constant Wordsworthian influence in his career); and the contrast between the "two main types" of creative artist. "One, grave and gloomy, his brows contracted and hands clenched, strides heavily and determinedly forward. The other comes swinging along with light, springy steps, free and easy and with a friendly smile, as if walking in the sun."

Nielsen is thinking of Beethoven and Mozart; but the reader sees also two characters from the "Four Temperaments" Symphony, or Saul and David from the opera—or Nielsen himself, who alternated between toughness and easy-going charm. In later life he once said to his daughter, "Can't you see it is beautiful if I draw my sword and strike the rock—hard against hard—so that blue sparks fly?"; but in these essays he seems to prefer Mozart and Schubert to Beethoven as a "type" of artist. An irritating feature of this collection in its English edition is that the essays are not dated; nor are we told in what sort of publication they first appeared. The ramblings on Danish song, Beethoven's Sonatas and Musicology are evidently book reviews. Mozart and Our Time, Programme Music and Musical Problems appear to have been lectures. The translation reads smoothly.

Letters and Papers from Prison. By DIETRICH BONHOEFFER. *S.C.M. Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Dietrich Bonhoeffer, Lutheran pastor and teacher of Church history, born in 1906, was hanged in April 1945, after imprisonment for two years, for participation in a plot against Hitler. He sent these serene and thoughtful letters to his parents and to a friend during the earlier part of his imprisonment; Payne Best, an English fellow-prisoner, has recorded in his book *The Venlo Incident* that Bonhoeffer retained his serenity and care for others to the end.

In addition to their deep human interest and their shrewd comments on many topics, the letters are important as recording his struggle towards a new theology. He criticises, though with appreciation, Tillich, Barth and Bultmann. Most recent theology, he thinks, is metaphysical or subjective or ecclesiastically conservative, without meaning for modern religionless man. He suspects psychotherapy and existentialism as trying to create a "need for God" by exposing human weakness. Nor is "God" needed

any longer as a working hypothesis in philosophy or the sciences, for these are now autonomous. Mysticism and the desire for salvation are a flight from earthly tasks. The old Biblical and theological terms must be thought out afresh in a "worldly" significance; only a "religionless Christianity" will do for a religionless age. But Bonhoeffer is no positivist or secularist; God, prayer, the old Lutheran hymns, the Bible and the Cross are central to his life. "Our relation to God (is) not a religious relationship to a supreme Being, absolute in power and goodness, but a new life for others, through participation in the Being of God . . . We participate in the sufferings of God by living in this world . . . hence the Crucified . . . The Church is her true self only when she exists for humanity."

Audley End. By WILLIAM ADDISON. *Dent.* 30*s.*

Walpole in his *Anecdotes* says that Audley End was built by Bernard Jansen. The statement has often been repeated and a reference to Walpole's source (Vertue's note-books, now printed by the Walpole Society) shows that it emanated from an extremely well-informed quarter. So it is a little discouraging to find, in a 230-page book on Audley End, not one single allusion to Bernard Jansen. Nor does the book as a whole redeem this blunder of omission. The family history is treated anecdotally and although unpublished family and estate papers freshen the later chapters, nothing of more than moderate interest comes along. If the text is adequate, so are the illustrations.

The Truman Era. By I. F. STONE. *Turnstile Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It is good to be reminded that the radical tradition in American journalism is still kept alive by writers possessed of the courage of Lincoln Steffens and something of his forthright pungency of style. This selection of articles, contributed to *P.M.*, *The Star* and *The Daily Compass*, provides a critical commentary on current events ranging from the first U.N. Conference at San Francisco to the "loyalty" case of Mrs. Flacks, the Brooklyn primary school teacher, a year ago. Mr. Stone's thesis—that the cold war is in large measure the outcome of American foreign policy—is a familiar one. This raises the question of the U.S.A.'s capacity to achieve prosperity without alarums of war to justify vast military expenditure. Mr. Stone believes this *can* be done. Confused with a deal of Marxian metaphysic, the Keynesian thesis is advanced that a "progressive capitalism" can be made to work by economic planning and the extension of T.V.A. to the Missouri and other public works. Evidence in support of its economic possibility is, however, equally balanced by signs of its political impracticability. In present circumstances the writer looks to a resuscitated third party to play the traditional role of preparing public opinion for changes that are now politically unpalatable.

Like all such analyses, it suffers from the greater insight it displays in probing the weaknesses of Western society than in those of the Communist world. As an antidote to prevalent self-righteous Russophobia, the book deserves a wider audience in the U.S. than it is likely to get. For readers over here, however, it is only too likely to confirm existing stereotyped attitudes to America. The British reader, perhaps, needs to be reminded that the Americans have a few notable achievements to their credit in the field of race relations. Again, it is a pity he is not told something of the efforts of many anonymous Americans to fight the McCarthy pestilence.

Sir Thomas Browne's Religio Medici. Edited by JEAN-JACQUES DENONAIN. *Cambridge.* 25*s.*

The layman naturally supposes, when he reads a recognised literary classic, written three or four hundred years ago, that the text he is presented with has been long ago settled conclusively as the only correct version. Only with difficulty is this charming confidence in scholarship disturbed. But if it is disconcerting, it is also exhilarating to realise that not only may astonishing discoveries still be made, but long-permitted negligence can be rectified, with surprising results even at this late date. There was some excuse for neglecting the MS copies of *Religio Medici* or at any rate for denying them much authority, since none of them is anything more than a copy, and Browne himself, as M. Denonain agrees, saw one of the early editions through the press. But it seems that Browne, when he corrected this edition, was not only rather careless, but also diffident and uncertain, so that on the one hand he toned down some of his more provocative assertions, on the other hand he cut out some of the personal and casual asides natural in a work originally composed "for his own private exercise and satisfaction." So there is a case for taking the MS. copies into consideration. As for the 1682 text, the basis of all modern editions, it is, M. Denonain splendidly decides, "a corrupt copy of a partly corrected and extended text, still based on the corrupt transcription of the most corrupt version of the manuscript copies." Of course, with its elaborate apparatus, this is not an edition for the common reader. But it will make a sensible difference to all such editions in future, and ultimately it will affect our critical estimate and understanding of a great classic.

The Christ's Hospital Book. *Hamish Hamilton.* 25*s.*

Christ's Hospital has produced many men of letters, from Peele to Mr. Edmund Blunden, so it is fitting that its quatercentenary should be marked by an anthology of writings about the school by past and present Blues. Few foundations can have been more or better praised, and *The Christ's Hospital Book*, handsomely produced and illustrated, contains, along with much that has long been famous, enough discoveries to reveal the thoroughness as well as the piety of its editing. There are diverting excerpts from an anonymous eighteenth-century novel, *The Fortunate Blue-Coat Boy*, and an account of the Elizabethan "Housey" curriculum from the recently unearthed autobiography of Father David Baker (C.H. 1587–1590), in which "perfection in the English tongue" has already a conspicuous place.

But for that perfection itself, we shall always go to the "golden generation," to Lamb, Leigh Hunt and Coleridge, with their cheerful complaints about the food and their remarkable headmaster, Boyer ("Harp? Lyre? Pen and Ink, boy, you mean:"). Perhaps Hunt's is the best summing-up: "I love and honour the school on private accounts, and I feel a public interest in its welfare, inasmuch it is one of those judicious links with all classes, the importance of which, especially at a time like the present, cannot be too highly estimated."

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,235

Set by Naomi Lewis

Prizes are offered for a valedictory poem in the form of a rondel or villanelle, bidding farewell to a lost cause, a habit, an illusion, a virtue, a vice, or a career. Entries by November 3.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,232

Set by R. K. Buchanan

Typing pupils are made to tap out "the quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog" at an early stage of their training: (the sentence contains all the letters of the alphabet). Apparently the equivalent French sentence is "*Zoe ma grande fille veut que je boive ce whisky dont je ne veut pas.*" The usual prizes are offered for a bilingual poem composed by a typist inspired (or confused) by these two themes.

Report by R. K. Buchanan

Zoë's fox-brown whisky stimulated competitors to such a pitch as to call out the undistributed prize money from Competition No. 1,229. The idea may well have caused alarm and despondency in typing schools, for one of the several professional typists who entered so spiritedly feared that French dogs and frisky foxes would jump through her next company report, while H. A. C. Evans complained that the two sentences had driven his typist "completely round the

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bend." Allan M. Laing had a splendid title—*Grand'mère, est-elle drunk after all?*—and first stanza:

The quick brown fox jumps over ma grande fille,
Car il a bu ce whisky elle m'a donné:
Such things are bound to happen dans cette ville
Ou tous les citoyens despise Dubonnet.

And J. Morrison had a nice set of variations:

Thick down frocks have jumped over the queezy bog.
Honourable mention to them and to Gerald Priestland and Pauline. First prizes of two and a half guineas each to Richard Mayne ("in the manner of a Prévert influenced by W. R. Rodgers") and J. P. Stevenson ("German Olympia Keyboard"); second prizes of a guinea and a half each to Lakon and Kohny (the most professional); a guinea to Elaine Morgan.

LE QWERTYUIOPISME DU MERCI

J'ai vu
ce verre de whisky immobile, paresseux;
comme le grand chien crevé de Zoe ma grande fille
il s'élarge peu à peu aux rayons du soleil;
and the great brown God of the sun the boutcille
hovers quickly, dripping, draining,
golden raining à l'imprévu.
Et j'en ai bu,
ce verre de whisky non-voulu, insolite
comme le fard de Zoë et de Potiphar;
et le Bon Dieu, roi soleil, vieux renard,
Has refuged himself in a mutism complete.

RICHARD MAYNE

To hunting folk "(however odd it sounds)
Spades may be spades, but hunting dogs are *hounds*;
Et tout le monde sait (même les fous!
Que les renards ne sont point bruns, mais roux.

Les fous! Voici la chimère, sans doute,
D'un infortuné qui aime sa goutte,
For real-life foxes would regard as risky
Frolics with hounds (unless debauched with whisky).

For what fell purpose (shades of Lot's two daughters!)
Does Zoé temtp her father with strong waters?
Pour lui, en venant d'avoir "la folie"
Qu'il continue à s'amender la vie!

I ask, lequel est le plus nécessaire—
A spell of the trick cyclist! Une affaire;
La chasse; un an dans quelque pays outré—
Pour l'enlever de l'ivresse (et Zo7),

J. P. STEVENSON

Zoë, my vixen, my fine grown-up daughter,
(Il est très paresseux, c' petit chien)
Up, my quick brown one! Now! Over the water!
Allez-oup! Il faut sauter! Essayons! Tiens!
My Zoë, it's hot. Not again? Up and Over!
(Doucement, petiot. Let sleeping dogs lie)
Up again, down again! Calais to Dover!
Assez! Tu as pigé, ma grande fille. I'm dry.

Zoë, brown fox, je ne veux pas le whisky.
(Il dort comme un pieu, le méchant Médor)
Tais-toi! Assieds-toi, my frolicsome frisky!
Plus d'eau! Non, mon enfant, really, no more!

I'm lapping; you're leaping; we're crazy; they're lazy.
(Ce Médor est méchant; il saut'ra plus tard)
Yoicks! Tally-ho! View-halloo! It's all hazy
Et la route, elle va zig-zag, ma petite renarde.

LAKON

Ces phrases sont absolument sottes:
Why must I learn to type such rottes?

Bogs, logs and hazy fogs: c'est pire
Que nonsense à la Edward Lear.

Le whisky, je déteste the stuff,
Pour moi l'odeur is quite enough.

Big daughter Zoë drives me à boire:
The world me paraît tout en noir.

If I continue de la sorte,
Sans blague I shall be shown la porte!

Probablement next lundi black
The boss me donnera le sack.

Quoique je fasse my best to type
A grande vitesse this awful tripe,

The more I strive the keys to tappe,
Plus il m'arrive d'erreurs de frappe.

KOHNY

The child is so young, si fatigué le chien—
(Qui a fait cette fable", He ought to be hung!)
Renard, though, is frisky. Boit-il donc le whiskey"?
And what the enfer is the matter with this key"?
Grand-père ne le veut pas; she gives it to her pa—
Mes doigts, they are tensing. (I don't mean the Sherpa).
Je n'en ai que cinq; to be perfectly frank,
J'ai besoin de ce whiskey the lazy dog drank.
Commençons encore. Now this wolf is reported to have—(Est-il *my* fault the bell's out of order"?)—have jumped sur la tête of petite Zoë's pet.
Mais quelle est la lettre I haven't used yet"?
Ah, monsieur, sacré blue! You have left it out too!
So with amour et xxxxxxx—j'ai fini! Napoo!!

ELAINE MORGAN

CHESS: Fishing For Trouble

No. 212

The main trouble, of course, is this: that what one hopes to fish for is meant to be wholesome rather than as troublesome as it may well turn out to be. Even so every gambit-player, being a congenital trouble-fisher, is well aware of risking disaster while courting triumph. No doubt, our lion-hearted Londoners were aware of it when risking the highly controversial Marshall gambit in defending their Ruy against the non-Londoners. We had to interrupt that game while I was abroad (on what many well-wishers very kindly—though, alas, erroneously—assumed to be a holiday). Here is the score to date.

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(8) P-B3	P-Q4
(2) Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(9) P x P	Kt x P
(3) B-Kt5	P-QR3	(10) Kt x P	Kt x Kt
(4) B-R4	Kt-B3	(11) R x Kt	P-QB3
(5) O-O	B-K2	(12) P-Q4	B-Q3
(6) R-K1	P-QKt4	(13) R-K1	Q-R5
(7) B-Kt3	O-O	(14) P-Kt3	Q-R6
		(15) Q-Q3	

We can now resume the game; so will the Londoners please send their 15th move to reach the office not later than Wednesday, October 28. The move chosen by the majority is valid, and let no one complain about a bad move who has failed to exercise his democratic right to influence the decision. If better counsel is to prevail it must be offered. So far the game has taken a most interesting course. On the 11th move the Londoners deviated from the "basic" line chosen by Marshall in his famous 1918 game against Capablanca, and the game seems to be steering into one of the not so well explored by-ways of this highly intricate system, widely and deeply analysed during the last year or two. Here—so as not to influence the contenders one way or another—is a game in which the deviation from the standard line occurred as early as on Black's 9th move, i.e. immediately after Marshall's famous (8) . . . P-Q4. It was won by Tornerup against our reigning champion Yanofsky at Copenhagen, 1947.

(9) P x P	P-K5	(16) R-K2	B x B
(10) Kt-Kt5	B-Q3?!	(17) Q x B	QR-K1
(11) Kt x KP?	Kt x Kt	(18) P-Q4	Q x BP ch!
(12) R x Kt	B-KB4	(19) R x Q	R-K8 ch
(13) R-K3	Kt-K4	(20) R-B1	B-R7 ch
(14) P-KR3	Q-R5	(21) K-R1	R x R mate
(15) B-B2?	Kt-Kt5!		

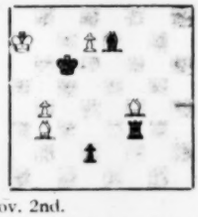
White should have taken the Kt on his 11th move, as he could have countered B x P ch by K-B1. His last chance was to play (15) P-Q4.

A: Dr. Doetsch 1920

In this week's competition beginners can earn 5 points instead of the usual 4 by answering two questions instead of one. In this game-position White played Q-B8 ch. How was Black mated after accepting the sacrifice? And how, had he interposed his Q at Q1, would he have been punished rather more subtly? B and C are both draws and should be well worth their 6 and 7 points.

B: Selesniev 1913

C: Henri Rinck 1931



Usual prizes. Entries by Nov. 2nd.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set October 3

A: (1) Q-Kt7 ch, B x Q, (2) B x B ch, K-Kt1, (3) B-B6 mate.
B: (1) P-K6, P x KtP, (2) P x BP, P-Kt6, (3) P-B8 (B!), etc.
if (1) . . . P-R5, (2) P-K7, P-R6, (3) P-K8 (B!).
C: (1) B-B2, P-Kt7, (2) B-K1 ch, K-Q6, (3) P-Kt8 (B!), etc.
if (2) . . . K-Kt6, (3) P-Kt8 (R!), etc.
if (2) . . . K-B7, (3) P queens.

Too many correct solutions to mention them all. Prizes shared by C. H. Brown, A. R. Cormack, C. J. Morse, M. Rumney, R. Russell

ASSIAC

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REPORT
1949-1953

The report of the Commission appointed to consider "whether liability under the criminal law in Great Britain to suffer capital punishment for murder should be limited or modified". The question as to whether any change should be made in the method of execution is also considered.
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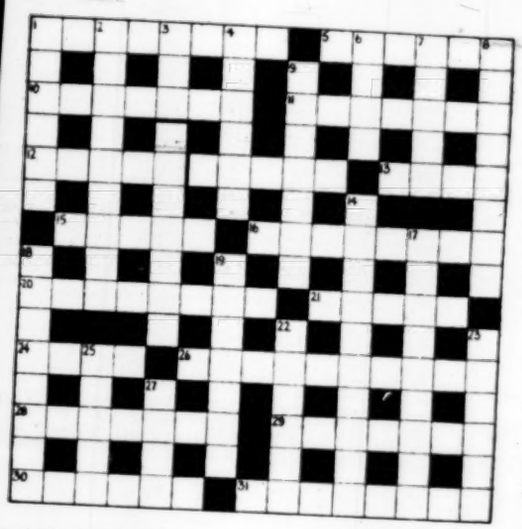
Week-end Crossword No. 71

Prizes: Three book tokens of 10s. 6d. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 71, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on 3rd Nov.



ACROSS

1. Guide, philosopher and headless one (8).
5. A dupe of two fellows (6).
10. The screen's variety of red rose (7).
11. The supporter is a fabulous creature (7).
12. Regal transport provided by the nationalised railways? (5, 5).
13. "To suckle fools and chronicle small —" (4).
15. This division separates north from south (5).
16. Put Cavell in charge if the bone is broken (8).
20. We show lack of nerve in front of hidden snakes (8).
21. Give free medical attention? (5).
24. To have this food around morning is to starve (4).
26. He appears to be the best man and should win the fight, but he does not perform (10).
28. A little more than inspired advice is needed to make this primitive boat (7).
29. Nags and chatters, especially if contracted (7).
30. The fruit of a mother with child (6).
31. In armour Joan of Arc may have a call within (8).

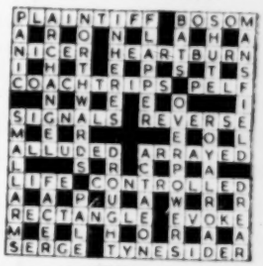
DOWN

1. Fondle Lily Christine, for example? (6).
2. Where there is a motor way, but the Great North Road is up (9).
3. Witch-hunting diversion? (3, 7).
4. A Greek king home with gold (6).
6. Repeat after one; but this bird is not a parrot (4).
7. A finding which is not keeping (5).
8. There are few without it in this district of London (8).
9. A fast mistress (7).
14. Above the fire there is something to make the superman let up (10).
17. A distinguished man fit after painting a house (9).
18. Dishonest and capable of putting the wrong complexion on things (8).
19. Is ambitious for ecclesiastical heights mainly (7).
22. Under age and changing a programme (6).
23. The way in which the Red Sea could be blotted out (6).
25. A remedy would be to play like this with no beginning (5).
27. Repetition by reflection (4).

SET-SQUARE

501

Solution to No. 69


PLAINTIFF BOSOM
A R O N L A H A
NICER HEARTBURN
I H T E P S T S
COACHTRIPS PELF
N W E E O I
SIGNALS REVERSE
M E R E O L
ALLUDED ARRAYED
L S R C P A
LIFE CONTROLLED
A A P U A W R R
RECTANGLE EVOKE
M E L M O R A A
SERGE TYNESIDER

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 69

Margot White (Dundee), G. R. Otter (Paris), Edward Young (London, W.2).

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AUSTRALIAN National University, Canberra, Australia. Research School of Social Sciences. Applications are invited for the following posts: (1) Readership or Senior Fellowship in Philosophy. (2) Research Fellowship in Philosophy. Salary ranges are as follows: a cost of living allowance (at present £A198 p.a.) being also payable in each case: Readers £A1,590-£A1,840. Senior Fellows £A1,390-£A1,790. Research Fellows £A890-£A1,090. Reasonable travel and removal expenses are payable. Post (1) is permanent and one year's study leave, with travel allowance, is granted after each five years' service. Post (2) will normally be tenable for three years. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications in London and Australia, is November 30, 1953.

TUTOR required by Foreign Office (German Section) for Wilton Park, Steyning, Sussex. Must be able to conduct small discussion groups in German. (Qualifications: British university graduates in one of the social sciences with good background knowledge of institutions and history of Great Britain and Germany.) Preference given to specialists in industrial relations. Salary scale (approx.): (men) £812 by eight increments to £1,022, (women) £686 by seven increments to £870. Point of entry according to qualifications. Write, giving date of birth, education, full details of qualifications and experience of posts held (including dates) to Appointments Officer, Ministry of Labour and National Service, 1-6, Tavistock Square, W.C.1, quoting E.C.930 by November 7, 1953. No original testimonials should be sent. Only candidates selected for interview will be advised.

B.B.C. requires Education Officer in Aberdeen. Duties: to visit schools in connection with School Broadcasting and to hold meetings and discussions with teachers and educational bodies. University degree and general educational experience (as varied as possible) essential. This should include experience of teaching in school and wide knowledge of the Scottish educational system. Salary £795 (possibly higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional) with five annual increments to a maximum of £1,065. The prescribed application form and further details can be obtained from Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. Please enclose stamped addressed envelope. The closing date for the receipt of completed application forms is fourteen days after the date of this insertion. Envelopes should be marked "128 N.Stm."

B.B.C. invites applications for future vacancies in Brazilian Service, in London. Good general education, ability to translate from English into perfect idiomatic Portuguese (which should be mother-tongue), intimate knowledge of English, good microphone voice, interest in affairs political, economic and cultural are all necessary. Previous radio and journalistic experience an advantage. Selected candidates will be required to pass voice and translation tests. The engagement would be a short-term one for 3 years in the first instance with a starting salary of £710 per annum fixed (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with prospects of promotion. Applications in full to: Appointments Officer, British Broadcasting Corporation, London, W.1, marked "131 N.Stm." Please enclose stamped addressed envelope for acknowledgement of application.

B.B.C. requires Programme Assistant for Roumanian Section, London. Requirements include thorough knowledge of Roumanian (as mother-tongue) and English, ability to translate perfectly from English into Roumanian, to read fluently in Roumanian at microphone, to write original material and to type. Candidates should have journalistic experience, literary ability, knowledge of contemporary conditions in Roumania, an interest in the British way of life and knowledge of international, political and economic affairs. Selected candidates will be required to pass tests. Appointment not usually for more than three years. Salary £710 per annum (possibly higher for exceptional qualifications) with prospects of promotion during engagement. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "129 N.Stm." Give full particulars (with dates) of education, employment and age. For acknowledgement enclose stamped addressed envelope.

SCOTTISH Association of Girls' Clubs. Training Officer and Tutor (woman) to undertake training of club leaders, helpers, and members in Scotland. Training in social studies or teaching desirable; experience of youth work essential. Salary £350-£550 according to experience; superannuation. Three copies of application with three recent testimonials should reach the Scottish Association of Girls' Clubs, 13 Eglinton Crescent, Edinburgh, 12, within 14 days of this advertisement.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SENIOR Scientific Officers, Scientific Officers, Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent and pensionable appointments to be filled by frequent competitive interviews. The Scientific posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of Scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. In biological subjects the number of vacancies is small: individual vacancies exist at present for candidates who have specialised in palæobotany and foraminifera. The Patent posts are in the Patent Office (Board of Trade), Admiralty and Ministry of Supply. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first- or second-class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification; or for Scientific posts, possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Age Limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31, but specially suitable candidates under 26 may be admitted. For Scientific Officers and Patent Classes, between 21 and 28 during 1953 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class competing as Scientific Officers). Inclusive London Salary Scales: Senior Scientific Officers (men) £917-£1,075; (women) £681-£917; Scientific Officers (men) £440-£812; (women) £440-£576; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes (men) £440-£760; (women) £440-£576. Women's rates under review. Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S.53/53 for Senior Scientific Officers, and S.52/53, S.128/53 for the other posts. Completed applic. forms to be returned on or before Dec. 31, 1953.

RYALLS Court School, Seaton, Devon. A vacancy occurs in this Home Office Approved School for Junior Girls for a Housemistress who will be expected to give assistance generally to the training of the girls, organizing their leisure activities, etc. If possessing a recognised qualification, commencing salary (according to age) on scale £400-£565, with a deduction of £100 for board and accommodation. Applications, together with a recent testimonial, to: The General Secretary, National Children's Home, 85 Highbury Park, London, N.5.

TEACHER rqd. gen. subjects for sm. school community in rural district. Psychological outlook, interested in group and individual child essent. Reply in detail: Principal, Shotton Hall, Harmer Hill, Shrewsbury.

CITY of Bath Education Committee. Bath Academy of Art, Corsham Court, Wilts. Principal: Clifford Ellis. Applications are invited as soon as possible for the post of Assistant to the Domestic Superintendent, which will be vacant as from January 1, 1954. Duties would include some cooking. Application forms and further information from the Principal at Corsham Court, Wilts. H. W. Brand, Director of Education, Education Department, Guildhall, Bath.

TO the select few who are looking for an interesting professional career with prospects, mental nursing affords excellent opportunities. At St. Bernard's Hospital, for Nervous and Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex, where all modern forms of treatment are given, there are vacancies for Student Nurses (women over 18—men 20-40). This old-established Hospital, within easy reach of Central London, has a well-equipped Training School and ample religious and recreational facilities. Four weeks annual leave. 96-hour fortnight. Annual cash training allowance, £255 1st year; £265 2nd year; £280 3rd year (less deduction of £108 p.a. for board and lodging if resident). Extra cash payments totalling £50 during training. Salary when qualified £380-£480 p.a. with prospects of further promotion. Good National Superannuation Scheme. Apply to Matron or Chief Male Nurse.

ORCHARD Dene, Rainhill, Liverpool. A Short-Stay Home for Mental Defective Children. Applications are invited for the post of Matron. Qualifications: S.R.N. with experience in general administration and the care of mental defectives and a genuine interest in this type of child. Applications are also invited for the post of Deputy Matron. Qualifications: S.R.N. and experience in the care of children. Salaries according to recognised scales and experience. Applications for either post with full details together with the names of 2 referees within 14 days of this advt. to: Sec., Residential Services Department, 39 Queen Anne St., London, W.1.

VACANCIES. The National Council of Labour Colleges requires a Divisional Organiser for Division 8 West Centre Liverpool area. Must be able to lecture on a number of N.C.L.C. subjects. Salary £470 rising to £545. Applications to be received by November 15, 1953. Also Editorial Assistant. Must have good knowledge of English Grammar and have drafting ability. Commencing salary £400-£500 in accordance with qualifications and experience. Positions superannuable. Apply to Mr. J. P. M. Millar, Gen. Sec., N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

TWO Housemothers wanted Hever Warren Hostel for Children. Salary £5 15s. wk., less r.e. Applics. to Principal, Hever Warren, Hever, Kent. Edenbridge 3149.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable posts. Applications may be accepted up to December 31, 1953, but an earlier closing date may be announced either for the competition as a whole or in one or more subjects. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects: (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Biological Sciences, (d) Engineering subjects, and (e) Miscellaneous (including e.g. Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1953; for Assistant Experimental Officers, at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1953. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates must have at least one of a number of specified qualifications. Examples are Higher School Certificate, General Certificate of Education, Scottish Leaving Certificate, Scottish Universities Preliminary Examination, Northern Ireland Senior Certificate (all in appropriate subjects and at appropriate levels), Higher National Certificate, University degree. Candidates taking their examinations in 1953 may be admitted. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. In general a higher standard of qualification will be looked for in the older candidates than in the younger ones. Inclusive London salary scales: Experimental Officer £681-£838 (men); £586-£707 (women). Assistant Experimental Officer £274-£607 (men); £274-£511 (women). Starting pay according to age up to 26. At 18, £274; at 26, £495 (men), £467 (women). Somewhat lower in provinces. Further particulars and application forms from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S94-95/53. Completed application forms should be returned as soon as possible.

BRISTOL Council of Social Service (Inc.) requires experienced Caseworker for pioneer appointment as Supervisor of students in family case work to start not later than January 1, 1954, at a salary of £600 × £50 × £700 plus superannuation. Duties will include case work teaching both within the B.C.S.S. and in the University Social Studies Course. Academic qualifications and experience in social case work are essential; experience in teaching students and interest in research an advantage. Appointment, to be made in consultation with the University, will be for 3 years in the first place. Further particulars from the General Secretary, B.C.S.S., 4 Berkeley Square, Bristol 8, to whom 4 copies of the application, with names and addresses of 3 referees, should be sent within 14 days of the date of this advertisement.

LONDON Merchants seek highly qualified Chemical & Pharmaceutical Departmental Manager conversant with international trading conditions, Eastern and barter business. Good profit participation, permanent position. Apply Secretary, J. C. Gilbert, Ltd., Columbia House, Aldwych, W.C.2.

WEST Sussex County Council. Applications are invited from married couples with understanding of children, of practical bent and fond of country life, for the senior posts in a new small Home at Bury, near Pulborough, which the West Sussex Children's Committee will shortly be opening for 15 children (boys and girls, 2-15 years) needing care for short periods during a family emergency. Salaries—£309 × £15 to £354 and £279 × £15 to £324 per annum respectively. Free emoluments valued at £201 in each case. For forms of application please apply with covering letter to Children's Officer, County Hall, Chichester.

ASSISTANT Warden required for Nurses' Home. Applicants should be suitably trained in catering, and have had experience in a Hotel, Hostel or similar residential establishment. Salary £330 × £15 to £375 per annum. £120 deducted for board and lodging. The post is superannuable. Applications stating age, qualifications and experience, together with names and addresses of three referees, to be sent within seven days from the date of this advertisement to the Administrative Officer, Brighton General Hospital, Elm Grove, Brighton, 7.

THE S.O.S. Society invite applications for the post of Trainee Assistant Wardens in their hostels for men and boys in London. Commencing salary £3 5s. with increase to £4, live in, all found. Pension Scheme for permanent staff and assistance with study for Social Science Diploma. Applications in writing to the General Secretary, 24 Ashburn Place, S.W.7.

MALADJUSTED Children: Woman Teacher. Pref. exp. with maladjusted children or in remedial teaching, interest in difficult children essential. Burnham Spl. School Scale class. Resident in return for extra duties. Apply W. David Wills, Bodenham Manor, Hereford.

PART-time organizer wanted in the London area to form small humanist groups for study and action. Evening work. Salary, up to £350, according to qualifications and time available. Write for particulars and form of application to The Ethical Union, 4a Inverness Place, London, W.2.

SHORTHAND-Typist (junior) reqd. for London Vegetarian Society, 81 Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1. Vegetarian essential.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY College of Leicester. Applications are invited for the post of Administrative Assistant in the Department of Adult Education. Salary scale £450–£750 p.a., with membership of F.S.S.U. and Family Allowances Scheme; initial salary dependent on qualifications and experience. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications should be sent by November 14.

THE Birmingham Settlement requires experienced resident Boys' Club Leader as soon as possible. Full application with two references and particulars of two referees and salary required to: The Warden, 318 Summer Lane, Birmingham, 19.

FAMILY Service Units require resident caseworkers, both men and women, for the extension of their pioneer work with problem families in many parts of the country. Residence with pay during training period. F.S.U., 159 Westbourne Grove, London, W.11.

YOUNG man required who would like to work with slightly backward or maladjusted children. Games, handicrafts, gardening, etc. Must take an active interest in Rudolf Steiner methods. Good prospects. Apply to the Principal, Salmon's Cross School, Reigate, Surrey.

INTELLIGENT junior shorthand-typist for publicity department of large company in S.W. London. Some knowledge of music and languages essential. Interesting work. Write Box 2891.

EDUC. Girls can find first-rate sec. posts, perm./temp., no fees, through St. Stephens Secretariat, 38 Parliament St. S.W.1.

FINE Art Publishers have vacancy for young lady, expd. shorthand-typist, with previous experience in Publishers' Sales Department. No Sats. Please write Phaidon Press, Ltd., 5 Cromwell Place, S.W.7.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting: duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

CHAUFFEUR-Gardener, man or woman, required for St. John's Wood, non-resident. Apply, with full particulars, Box 2751.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

SOLICITOR (39), wide experience, 2½ years I.C. legal dept. large commercial firm West Africa, sks. commercial/legal appointment London. Box 2779.

LADY, early 30s, Australian born, American citizen, 12 years' business experience, including U.S.A., seeks lucrative and responsible position as confidential secretary or administrative asst. Drives car. Willing to travel. Box 2802.

BUILDING/Toolmaking machinery German expert, merchant 27 yrs. old, with good knowledge of English, sks. post England. Exp. export trade. Please write Box 2646.

YOUNG man, educated Edinburgh, fully mobile, knowledge medicine, interested Folk Music, Arts, Social Problems, wants interesting job, preferably involving travel. Remuneration welcome, expenses essential, available 31/10/53 to 31/1/54. Box 2762.

INTELLIGENT young man seeks interesting work, conscientious, excellent driver. Willing to undergo training. Residing Maidenhead. Box 2846.

GIRL (22) wants post London/Cambridge. Teacher, but anything considered, willing learn, writing ability. Desperate. Box 2859.

EXPD. secretary reqs. post w. admin. resp., pref. editorial or publishing. Eng. Hons. degree. 12 yrs. practical exp. Box 2842.

EXPERIENCED private secretary previously British Embassy, Washington, seeks position London. Box 2699.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

SEC., completely bi-lingual (English/German), gd. shorthand both languages, some French. Expd. interviewing, preparing reports, independent correspondence. Wants part-time occasional work. Box 2825.

RAPID accurate figure-typist, also sh./typ., sks. part-time or 10-5 job Holborn area. Experienced. Well-educated. Box 2795.

LADY, University degree, knowledge of langs., seeks interesting, absorbing post. Willing help household, nursing. Box 2718.

TRAINED Sec./Asst. (f), 25, knowl. French/Span., exp. London publisher, sks. sim. allied job prov./abroad. Box 2717.

ITALIAN woman, intelligent, adaptable, completed reqd. period domestic work, sks. employment more consistent with her abilities. Fluent French, Eng., typg. Box 2738.

WRITERS/Journalists/Publishers. Capable secretary, educated woman seeks post. Literary political exp., knowledge foreign affairs, linguist. Box 2632.

INTELLIGENT, cheerful woman, 48. Experienced office worker, but partly disabled. Mobile with chair. Good companion. Cannot obtain work until accommodation arranged. Herts, Essex area preferably. Box 2752 or phone EUS. 5050, ext. 238, Ref. BW.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471

SCHOLARSHIPS

SALZBURG Seminar in American Studies, Schloss Leopoldskron, Salzburg, Austria. Scholarships are offered for the following sessions: American Politics and Policies, January 3 to January 30, 1954. American Literature, Tradition and Experiment, February 7 to March 6, 1954. The Emergence of Modern America, March 14 to April 10, 1954. Lectures and Seminars at the post-graduate level. Admission is granted for evidence of ability and accomplishment. General age range 23-35. Special attention given to those engaged in teaching, public life or creative work. For further information and application forms, please write promptly to: Salzburg Seminar, 35 Portman Square, London, W.1.

PERSONAL

HAMPSTEAD Choral Society (conductor: Martindale Sidwell). Season 1953-54. Programme includes Bach's Mass in B Minor to be given in the Royal Festival Hall, and Britten's "St. Nicholas." There are a few vacancies in all voices for good musicians. Rehearsal night Wednesday. Apply: Sec., 11 Heath Mansions, The Mount, N.W.3.

"PLAYS & Players," "Music & Musicians" and "Dance & Dancers" are monthly magazines solely about theatre, serious music, opera, ballet. 1s. 6*d*. each from newsagents & bookstalls by order; by post 1s. 8*d*. from Hansom Books, Ltd., 21(H) Lower Belgrave St., London, S.W.1. (20s. per annum).

INSTRUMENTALISTS are invited to join new amateur Symphony Orchestra. Rehearsals Sunday afternoons Central London. Details: S. Mindel, 17 Oakfield Rd., E.5.

LADY, middle-aged, expt. stenographer, educ., own machine, sks. social wk. return exps. Longman, 90 Crouch Hill, N.8.

MENTON (beautiful priv. estate). Woman artist wd. share 4-rmd. flat; or consider independent exch. 2 rms. for one spare rm. in Paris occasionally. Box 2709.

STRICT tutor reqd. German/Italian for absolutely non-linguistic Englishman (40). Essent. able tcher. London/Kent. Box 2784.

DR. Lit., Paris, undertakes historical research—French, Engl., Greek. Box 2719.

CIVIL Servant requires lge. bed-sit. with board end Nov. N. Surrey/S.W. London. Wd. assist political/T.U. work. Box 2639.

ALBERT Hall: two seats J block. Best offer round about £250. PRI. 6856.

HOME offered to single person in exchange for some outdoor help. Bungalow, country, Norfolk Broads district. Letter in first instance. Box 2788.

FRENCH taught conversationally by thoroughly experienced Parisian. Henri Bernot, 7 Gwynn House, Lower Sloane Street, S.W.1. (SLO. 3851.)

ITALIAN. Expert tuition at all levels. Moderate fees. PAD. 2934.

INTERL. girl reqd., ckg., charge girls 3, 1 yrs. Leclercq, Les Arsures, Arbois, Jura, France. English spoken. Refs. exch.

IF you req. Calligraphic Designing/Presentation Addresses/Rolls of Honour/Title Pages Illuminated MSS., write Box 2697.

ART Editor can undertake production Trade House Journal; Brochs. Box 2696.

RUSSIAN lady educated in Leningrad offers tuition Russian language and literature. Park 6449 or write Box 2867.

YOUNG lady, widow (son aged 6) sks. Welfare/Social work, or Secretarial work in school. Must only be school hours. Anywhere London Distr. Please write Box 2701.

REVIEWING, reading, spare-time work wanted. Box 2705.

NEAR Nice, 2 sunny furn. rooms on coast for winter holidays, spotlessly clean, reas. English lady recommends. Box 2837.

EDUC. woman sks. work where exper. in all branches Theatre business (acting incl.) could be used. Own typewriter. Box 2860.

YNG. well-educ. Eng. woman, temp. grass widow, child exp. Jan., sks. congen. acc. London area in retn. baby-stg., ckg., hse. help, sec. wk. (own typewriter). Box 2861.

ART. Join one of our beginners' painting classes. A pleasant afternoon or evening per week in a professional artist's studio. Box 2748.

MENTAL/Physical fatigue and allied nervous complaints relieved by Ilona Ghero's scientific easy method of Remedial Relaxation. Re-education. Massage. Medical Refs. 5 Regent's Court, N.W.1. PAD. 3858.

STATISTICS. Tuition by experienced Hons. graduate. North London. Box 2843.

WOOD-engraved Christmas cards. Canterbury Series. 5s. a doz. 1s. 3*d*. for samples. Kemp, Little Gains, Elmsted, Ashford, Kent.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

KINGSTON Clinic, Edinburgh, 9. "The home of modern Nature Cure." Illustrated brochure gladly sent on request.

FOREST School Camps. Recruits needed for staff at children's camps in summer 1954. Staff training course from Dec. 29 to Jan. 3. Details: Peter Hedger, 43 George Rd., Solihull, Warwicks.

PERSONAL—continued

"THE Art of Seeing."—Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr. Bates, the celebrated American oculist and author of "Good Sight Without Glasses," may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett at 19A Cavendish Sq., W.1 (LANgham 3626).

WE are now accepting bookings for Summer Schools and Holiday Groups, etc., for 1954. Accommodation 40 persons. Situated in the Surrey Hills. Only 20 miles from London. Lecture hall, games room, tennis court, etc. Good food. No petty restrictions. Moderate charges. Mr. and Mrs. F. Barrett, Surrey Crest International Holiday Centre, Godstone, Surrey. Tel. 21511 Godstone.

WINTER Sports: our 1953/54 Booklet will give you many ideas for your Winter Sports holiday this season. Write, call or telephone for particulars to Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

A SKI-ING holiday arranged by Ramblers will be even cheaper this year. Careful planning, seeking out unusual places and concentrating on good ski-ing conditions, whilst ignoring frills and costly luxuries, enables us to quote charges like £24 7s. 6*d*. for 15 days to Norway and £31 15s. for 16 days to Switzerland. Full course of instruction included in these charges. Full programme of both party and independent arrangements from Ramblers' Assn. Services, 48 (F2), Park Rd., N.W.1.

HALLOWE'EN House Party (& Square Dancing) at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

CHRISTMAS in Rome. Eleven-day air tour with 5 days in the Eternal City and 5 in Capri and Naples (excursion to Pompeii). Completely inclusive 79gns. Escorted by Mr. Lamming. Allways, 17 Sicilian Avenue, London, W.C.1. Cha. 6436/7.

NORTH Africa—Winter sunshine by the sands, mountains and blue seas of Algeria and Morocco. Bathing, skiing, fishing and shooting. Specialist advice from Back's Travel Service, 56 Coram Street, Russell Square, London, W.C.1. TERminus 0535.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Mrs. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

WINTER Sports House Parties, every month, inclusive of tuition and equipment. Xmas and New Year Engelberg. For full details apply: Swiss Hotel Plan, 245 Regent Street, W.1. GRO. 8921.

WINTER Sports, Austria; hotels from 12s. 9*d*. a day. Send 1½*d*. stamp. Box 2630.

CHRISTMAS Cards. 10 of this year's most distinctive designs, selling at 4*d*., 6*d*., 8*d*. up to 1s. 3*d*. each, for only 6s. by post. All different; gay and original. Send now to Bodkin Bookshops, Ltd., London's Christmas Card Centre, 7 Kensington Church St., W.8.

WINTER Sports—N.U.S. this year is offering cheaper and better winter sports holidays abroad at prices ranging from £21 10s. for 15 days (Bavarian Alps) to £34 for 13 days at Pontresina. Write now for your copy of our Winter and Spring Programme to: The National Union of Students, 3 Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1. EUSton 2184.

EDUCATIONAL Touring Service, who arranges Au Pair posts in France as advertised in last issues, gives an "Informative Chat" on all aspects of above scheme free of charge and without obligation, Sat. 4-6 p.m. 'Phone f. appointment. KEN. 8806.

INDEXING work and literary or historical research undertaken. Box 2595.

HEBREW & German lessons, conversation & translation by student. Box 2582.

VISION corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner. Michael Ronan, 25 Queen's Gate Gardens, S.W.7. WES. 3945.

MEN with cultural interests and Zionist sympathies are invited to join The London Jewish Society. Box 1859.

IMPECUNIOUS but æsthetic? Write catalogue good cheap antique furniture. Margery Dean, B.A., Wivenhoe, Essex. (Nearly 4,000 sq. ft. of showroom space.)

VERSES to order for (almost) any occasion. Moderate charges. Allan M. Laing, 19 Wavertree Nook Rd., Liverpool, 15.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

PSYCHOLOGICAL treatment on private consultant lines. Partics. from Sec., London Centre for Psychotherapy, 11b Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St., London, W.1.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½*d*. stamp for "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

EXPRESS Yourself in saleable writing. No Sales—No Fees. Send for Free N. I "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond St., London, W.1.

NERVOUS Tension Relieved by Nerve Manipulation. A relaxing and invigorating treatment, a reintegrating therapy of proved value. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck Street, London, W.1. WELbeck 9600. Ask for brochure.

PERSONAL—continued

ART: Take up Water Colour: Six famous Artists teach you by post. The course is a sheer joy, easy, inexpensive. Pupils exhibit in Royal Academy, etc. Other Postal Courses in every Branch of Art. Illustrated prospectus free. Press Art School, Ltd. (Dept. N.S. 22), Tudor Hall, S.E.23.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Amwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan. Ware 52.

ENGLISH. Tuition by prof. writer. Expert, original, individual. PAR. 6309.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel.: HOL. 8193).

BACKWARD Child. Classes & treatment in Marylebone for handicapped children of all ages. Partics.: Dr. Mona Rolfe, Ph.D., Flat 1, 27 Holland Park, W.11. Park 8360.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

BAKER St. School of Dancing (97). Priv. lessns/classes Ballrm. dancing. WEL. 4841.

HALL, Leic. Sq., with licd. food counter. Meetings, socials, 1½gns. evg. Stage avail. for try-outs of plays, &c. WHI. 3678.

P.S. Spend Christmas and the New Year on skis. Bretaye, Switzerland, 15 days 28½gns. Obergurgl, Austria, 16 days 29½gns. including travel, meals, accommodation, ski hire and instruction. Departure December 19. Also special party to Obergurgl December 5, return by air. Write to Harold Ingham, 15 St. John's Road, Harrow.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

THIS Month's Penguins.—The Case of the Tudor Queen—Christopher Bush; Three Sisters Flew Home—Mary Fitt; Six Curtains for Stroganova—Brahms & Simon (2s. each); Dogs—A. Croxton Smith (2s. 6*d*.); Paint Your Own Pictures—Norman Colquhoun (2s.); Roget's Thesaurus (5s.); John Keats—Ed. J. E. Morpurgo (2s. 6*d*.); Wagner: Meistersinger Overture, Haydn: London Symphony (3s. 6*d*. each); Pelicans: Balance Carried Forward—R. R. Coumber (2s. 6*d*.); Uses and Abuses of Psychology—H. J. Eysenck (2s. 6*d*.); The Chemical Industry—T. I. Williams (2s.); Puffin Books: Little Women (2s. 6*d*.); The Sky and the Heavens—Peter Hood (2s. 6*d*.); Treasure Island (Cut-Out Book 3s. 6*d*.); New Biology 15 (2s.). Stock list from Penguin Books Ltd., Harmondsworth, Middlesex. American readers please write Penguin Books Inc., 3300 Clipper Mill Rd., Baltimore, Md.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

THE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 1075. Tu.-Fri. 7.45, Sats. 6 & 8.30. Sun., Nov. 1. Mems. only 7.45. "The Alchemist."

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391.) "The Rosenbergs." Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Mems. 2s. 6d. p.a. Admission 2s. 6d.-5s. 6d.

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 7 (ex. Mon.). Sat. Sun. 5 & 8. "Drama at Inish." Mems. 5s. yrly.

BOLTONS. KEN. 5898. Opening Oct. 26, English premiere Tennessee Williams "This Property is Condemned" & Moliere's "George Dandin." Ntly. 8. Sns. 5 & 8. Mem.

IRVING, Leicester Sq. WHI. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.) 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "Sing for Your Supper" (Second edition), a topical intimate Revue. Lics. till midn't. Mems. 5s.

EVERYMAN. Hmp. 1525. Until Nov. 1: Lang's famous "Metropolis" (A).

NATIONAL Film Th. S. Bnk. WAT. 3232. Sat., Oct. 24, Preston Sturges' "The Lady Eve," with Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda. 2, 4, 6, 8 p.m. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Pal. ADV. 3520. Sun., Oct. 25, 7.30. "Rashomon" (X) (Japan).

PULLMAN Cinema. Opp. Herne Hill Sta. BRI. 3153. Young & The Damned (X). Sun. 7 days: Private Life of Henry VIII (A).

MONDAY, October 26, 8 p.m. London Jewish Society presents three Israel films in sound and colour. Arts Theatre Club, Great Newport Street, Leicester Square. Members 1s. 6d. Visitors 3s. 6d. All cordially welc.

DIWALI Festival Concert, Indian songs, dances, music, shadow play, Sunday, Nov. 1, 7.30 p.m., St. Pancras Town Hall. Tickets £1 1s., 10s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. Indian film "Aag," Friday, Nov. 6, 7.30 p.m., Scala Theatre, W.1. Tickets 10s. 6d., 6s., 3s. Both functions organised by Central Students' Committee (under auspices of India Relief Committee). Entire proceeds for flood relief in India. All tickets obtainable by post from 33 Exeter Street, W.C.2.

WEST African Arts Club. Film Show "Pepper Bird Land" on Liberia; "Dark London," documentary on coloured people of London; "God of Creation," scientific colour documentary. Adm. 2s. 6d. Discussion. British Council Theatre, 3 Hanover St., W.1. Oct. 28, 6 p.m.

WINTER Sports Film Show and Travel Forum at Caxton Hall on November 3, 6.30 p.m. Tickets from Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

CONWAY Hall, W.C.1. Soviet Films. People's Festival, Wild Life in the Daghestan Mountains, Olympic Champions in Berlin. 7.30, Sat., Oct. 24. Tkts. 1s. 6d., 2s. British Soviet Friendship Society.

THE London Jewish Society presents its Inaugural Dance at the Brent Bridge Hotel, N.W.4. Sat., Oct. 24, 7.30 to 11.30. The Carroll-Shaw Orchestra. Spot Prizes. Novelty Dances. Tickets 8s 6d at the door.

"THE Hyphen" Birthday Party and Dance, Sat., Oct. 24, 7.30 p.m. Anson Hall, Cricklewood, N.W.2. Non-members welcome. Tickets 4s. 6d. at door.

YUGOSLAV Holiday Reunion Social will be held at 7 p.m. at Friends House, Euston Road, on Oct. 29. Tickets incl. refreshments 2s. 9d. from Hon. Sec., B.Y.F.S., 57a Queen's Court, Queensway, W.2.

OPERA Circle, Sun., Oct. 25, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1, 8 p.m., Verdi. "Louisa Miller." Intro. James Robertson, with members Sadler's Wells cast. Parties from Hon. Secretary. WES. 7513.

CONCERTS

LOUIS Kentner in a Liszt Recital (Presented by the Liszt Society). Chelsea Town Hall, Tues., Oct. 27, at 7.30. Aux Cypres de la Villa d'Este II. 2nd Ballade: Fantasia on "Ad Nos." Hungarian March in B flat (First perf.). Csardas Macabre: Grand Galop Chromatique, &c. Tickets: 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall, from Cecil Roy, Ltd. (KEN. 0121), and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1 (Wel. 8418).

MODERN Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Arthur Dennington. Saturday, October 31, at 7.30 p.m. Northern Polytechnic, Holloway Road, N.7. Overture to a Masque, Michael Maxwell (1st Perf.). Arias, Beethoven & Mozart. Piano Concerto No. 3, Rachmaninoff. "Prague" Symphony, Mozart. "Checkmate" Dances, Bliss. Peter Katin (Piano). Montague Zolowsky (Baritone). Reserved seats 2s. to 6s. North 1686.

MARYLEBONE Parish Church, W.1. Saturday, October 24, at 3.30 p.m. Polyphonic Church Music. Palestrina: Missa "Aeterna Christi Munera" and works by Sendl, Tallis, Whyte and Byrd. The Renaissance Singers. Directed: Michael Howard.

FRIDAY, Oct. 30, 8 p.m., Arts Council, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1, A.G.M.C. presents Benthien Quartet (Hamburg), Margaret Kitchin, piano, in Concert Modern Chamber Music. Works by Hindemith, Jarnach, Fortner, Engelmann, Fricker. Tickets 3s. at door.

FOLKSONG and Ballad Concert. The Singing Islands. Songs from England, Ireland, Scotland. Ewan MacColl, A. L. Lloyd, Seumas Ennes, Fitzroy Coleman, Harvey Webb, Bruce Turner, J. Dempsey Craig. Theatre Royal, Stratford, E.15. Sun., Oct. 25, 7.30. 2s. 6d. to 15s.

CONCERTS—continued

LONDON Bach Society (Conductor: Paul Steinitz). Recital of works by Schein (Sacred Madrigals, 1623), Bach (Jesu, Priceless Treasure), Joubert (Te Deum: 1st London Performance), Holst & Distler. Introduced by Denis Stevens; Organ: Arthur J. Pritchard. St. Bartholomew-the-Great, E.C.1. Tues., Oct. 27 at 6.30. Prog. 3s. from Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., or at Church evg. of concert.

THE London Jewish Society invites you to an interesting and versatile Music and Poetry Evening at the Three Arts Club, 35 Great Cumberland Place, near Marble Arch, Wed., Oct. 28 at 7.45 p.m. prompt. All welc. Mems. 1s. 6d. Non-mems. 2s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Turnstile Print of Canaletto's Regatta on the Grand Canal now published, £2 5s. plus tax 10s. 8d. From all good printshops or 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent work by George Fairley: closing Oct. 24. From Oct. 27—First London Exhibition of Edinburgh painter, Charles Pulsford, and Recent Works by Scottie Wilson.

RENOIR. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open until Oct. 25. Fri., Sat. 10-6. Sunday 2-6. Adm. 1s.

"ENTERTAINING at Home" in Party mood. House & Garden keeps open house at its Decoration Centre, 16 Grafton Street, W.1. Rooms arranged as settings for entertaining, with furnishings and equipment you can buy in the shops. Open from Sept. 1: weekdays 10-5, Sats. 10-12. Free.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Paintings into Textiles. Oct. 21 Nov. 14. Daily 11-6. Closed Sundays.

IRVING Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leicester Square. Exhibition of Etchings, Engravings and Drawings. Until October 31.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq. Holiday Pictures. Daily 11-6 Sats. incl. Also Picture Lending Library.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Recent Paintings by L. S. Lowry. Daily 10-5.30 Sats. 10-1

YUGOSLAV Mediaeval Frescoes (replicas). Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till Dec. 13. Week-days 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8), Suns. 2-6. Admission 1s.

RENEL Gallery, 40-41 Burlington Arcade, W.1. Paintings by Pikelny. Daily 10-5.30 p.m. Sats. 10-1 p.m.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Josef Herman. Last week.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Painting by Renoir, Sisley, Pissarro, Degas, etc. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

NEW English Art Club: R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Pall Mall. 10-5 incl. Sats.

EXHIBITION of Architectural Photography, R.I.B.A., 66 Portland Place, W.1. Till Oct. 29. Mondays-Fridays 10-7; Saturdays 10-5. Admission Free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Recent paintings by Michael Ayrton; Bryan Winter; Gouaches by Graham Sutherland and Aquatints by Michael Rothenstein. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Closes Oct. 31.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. John Martin 1789-1854 Paintings and Drawings. Daily 11-6, Sundays 2-6. Closed Mon. Adm. free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Zyw. Portraits and Italy by Peter Todd Mitchell. Until November 6.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Sculpture and Paintings by Arthur Berridge. Paintings by John Hart.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. An Evening Party at Tate Gallery, November 4. ("Figures in their Setting," organised by C.A.S.). Only Members may apply for tickets (11s. 6d. incl. refrs.; guests 13s.). Inform. about membership from C.A.S., TAT. 0650.

TREE pictures and films by Richard St. Barbe Baker. Crosby Hall, Cheyne Walk, S.W.3. Wed., Oct. 28, 11-6. All welcome.

ART Exhibition. Finsbury Art Group Autumn Exhibition of works by members. Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1 (Nr. Sadler's Wells). Wed., Oct. 21-Sat., Oct. 31. 12.30-7.30. Admission free.

LE Club Contemporain, 5 Whitehorse St., W.1. GRO. 1804, presents an exhibition of the work of Lazlo Silvassy. Daily 1 p.m. to 7 p.m. Paintings and Drawings.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10-5 including Sundays.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens—Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria; Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

FOOTBALL and the Fine Arts Exhibition. Paintings, Sculptures, Water-colours, etc. Prize-winning and other entries submitted for The Football Association's Ninetieth Anniversary Competition. October 21 to November 7. Weekdays 10 a.m.-9 p.m.; Sundays 2-9 p.m. Entrance 1s. Park Lane House, 45 Park Lane, London, W.1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

DOUGLAS Jay, M.P., speaks at Onward Hall, Deansgate, Manchester, at 3 p.m., Saturday, Oct. 24. Admission 1s. 6d.

CENTRAL Lond. Fabian Soc., Wed., Oct. 28, Arthur Blenkinsop, M.P., "Labour & the Social Services." St. Anne's Hse., 57 Dean St., W.1, 7.30. Visitors 2s.

SCIENCE for Peace meeting. "Re-establishing Scientific Contacts with the U.S.S.R." Wed., Oct. 28, 7.30, Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., Victoria. Prof. J. H. C. Whitehead, F.R.S., Dr. D. Hodgkin, F.R.S., Prof. J. D. Bernal, F.R.S., Prof. A. C. Offord, F.R.S., Dr. A. H. Gordon. Chair: Prof. K. Lonsdale, F.R.S. 1s. at door.

"CHOOSING a Career in the U.S.S.R." Miss M. Cooke, headmistress. Thurs., Oct. 29, 8 p.m., 56 Marlborough Mans., Cannon Hill, N.W.6. Hampstead B.S.F.S.

J. K. VAUGHAN Morgan, M.P., speaking on the Parliamentary Delegation on Federation West Indies. Tea Club, W.A.S.U., 13 Chelsea Embankment. Sunday, October 25. Tea 4 p.m., talk 5 p.m.

CO-OPERATION Overseas — Mr. Tom Taylor, Scottish C.W.S., "The Challenge of Sweden." Swedenborg Hall, Bloomsbury Way, W.C.1, October 27, 7.30 p.m. Free. London Co-operative Societies' Joint Education Committee.

END Conscription. Public meeting, Paddington Town Hall, Monday, Oct. 26, 7.30 p.m. Lt.-Col. Read-Collins.

"READING and Writing." A lecture will be given by Susan, Lady Tweedsmuir, for St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, Oct. 26, at 8 p.m. Admission Free.

SHAW Society: "U.S. in Song & Story," 7 Albemarle St., Oct. 26, 7 p.m. Adm. 2s. 6d. or meals. incl. Bulletin 15s. ($2) yearly. Enqs.: 45 Steeplestone Close, N.18.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, October 31, at 6 p.m. Señor Juan P. Fabregas: "Los Pueblos del Mar Caribe."

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists: Lectures Suns. 7 p.m., 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

CHINA. The position of Writer, Artist, Teacher today. Forum. Chairman: Prof. L. S. Penrose, F.R.S. Basil Davidson, Writer. Dr. D. Ross, University lecturer. Tom Russell, Musician. Discussion & Questions. Friends' House, Euston Road. October 27, 7.30 p.m. Admission free.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.15 p.m., Sunday, October 25, Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., near Victoria Station. Discourse Mrs. E. Hunter, "The Religion of the West."

AUTHORS' World Peace Appeal—Film Panel. Vital conference on "Films and the Under 16's," Sun., Oct. 25, 2.30, C.E.A. Hall, 164 Shaftesbury Ave., W.C.1. Speakers: Basil Wright, Hon. Mrs. Bower, etc. Visitors' tickets 2s. 6d. at the door.

UNIVERSITY of London. A lecture on "New Developments in French Conflict of Laws on Divorce" will be given by Professor H. Batiffol (Paris) at 5 p.m. on October 30 at King's College, Strand, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

"WHY Liberalism?" Alexander Wilson, pros. cand. Norwood, Fri., 30, 7.30, Youth House, 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1. 1s.

THE London Jewish Society. Abram Games, the well-known Graphic Designer of the Festival of Britain Emblem, on "Progress in Design." Thurs., Oct. 29, Arts Theatre Club, Gt. Newport St., Leicester Sq., 8 p.m. Non-members 2s. 6d.

CONWAY Discussion Circle. South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Oct. 27: A. D. Howell Smith, "Psychical Research in Ancient Times." Admission free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m. Friday, Oct. 30: General Discussion. "Tobacco: Pros and Cons."

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock. October 25: Archibald Robertson, M.A. "Freedom and Necessity." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m.

INAUGURAL Meeting of Braziers Park Research Communications Project: Kingsley Hotel, Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 7.30 p.m. Details from the Warden, Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

"SOVIET Budget & Planning, 1953," G. R. W. Davies. Chair: Brian Pearce. (2nd of 3 talks on Planning.) Thurs., Oct. 29, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (students & S.C.R. 1s.).

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Road, E.2. St. Leonard Woolley: Lectures: October 27, 7 p.m. Digging up the Past (1) Private Life at Ur. November 3, 7 p.m. Digging up the Past (2) Sidelights on Trade.

SOCIETY for Sex Education & Guidance. Dr. T. C. N. Gibbens, M.B.E., M.B., D.Psy., Wed., October 28, 7 p.m., Conway Hall. Admission free.

"PAINTING & Living" (Joanna Field & Harold Walsby), Nov. 6-8, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon, also "German Week-end."

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

R. S. W. POLLARD: "The Art of Conferring." At Ethical Church, 44 Inverness Place, W.2. Sunday, Oct. 25 at 6.30.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Public lecture Wed., Oct. 28, 6.30 p.m.: "The Meaning of Zen". Mr. Christmas Humphreys. Read "The Middle Way," the Journal of the Buddhist Society.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

RT. Hon. John Strachey, M.P., gives the second in the Fabian Autumn Lecture series Tues., Nov. 3, 7.15 p.m., at Livingstone Hall, Westminster. Tickets from 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1, and at door.

ST. ANNE'S House, 57 Dean Street, W.1 (GERrard 5006, 7-9). "Modern Cosmology and Christian Thought"—Thursdays, until December 17, at 6.30 p.m. Lectures by Professor H. B. Acton, Professor Michael Fogarty, Mr. Michael Foster, Dr. D. M. Mackay, Miss C. V. Wedgwood, Mr. H. J. Blackham, Dr. G. J. Whitrow, S. "The Catholic Protestant Debate"—Mondays, until December 14, at 6.30 p.m. Lectures by The Very Revd. Lev Gillett, Brother George Every, The Revd. R. Gregor-Smith, The Revd. H. C. Green, The Revd. G. L. Phillips, Dom Bede Winslow.

UNIVERSITY of London. Department of Extra-Mural Studies. University Extension Residential Week-end Courses for the session 1953-54 include: November 27-29, "The Idea of Social Class." January 15-17, "Aspects of Britain's Housing Problem." January 29-31, "Science and Values." January 29-31, "The Music of Sibelius." February 26-28, "Aspects of the World's Food Problem: Production and Distribution." March 26-28, "Aspects of Russian Foreign Policy." Further details may be obtained from the Deputy Director (Extension), Department of Extra-Mural Studies, University of London, Senate House, W.C.1.

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